

# Fairy Tales for the Insane



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Saturnin

# Faces in the stars

What makes us so unique is the face of our being, the reflection of the soul and our life, the genii; In this respect I see a half-rotten grotesque of myself when I stare into the mirror, a Nosferatu image of twisted things; a deformed agony, congested pain. She was a crystalline soul. How would you redefine yourself when spirits fall in love, embrace, and then death worships an image it loved, a mark that disappears with the grave.

She has ascended, but she is still here. She collapses under the weight of regular things, the social contracts that guard the Dionisian graves, the being that has passed away. A living person, feels, thinks. A holistic perspective on a torn idea: Here and everywhere. If we keep an image of our loved one or a mere mirage, we should let go and deal with the perceptions of the "normal" without a second thought.

## Black man from Saturn

Equanimous look of the black man from Saturn. When I - he watched me and her in love, in embrace, I felt that he longed for it, but he did not. It was the curiosity of fate. When a witch summoned the ram, he looked at her coldly, and with an idea that entered her destiny, he disappeared.

When he looked at the fates and knots of the world, he did not feel empty, he did not feel full, he was like a shell, but complete and with a spirit that merged with its blackness.

In - well - rare moments he stopped and observed them for a moment, and then went on, he saw a man in great despair, a woman in agony, the greatest joys, the deepest feelings, he did not inspire them, he only observed them, without sadness, without joy, with the fresh curiosity of a little boy.

Neither cruel nor benevolent, he just inspired the existential and divine, fate detached, an action here, there, towards a strange regulation, some strange mechanisms that were not mechanical, but tactical cuts and polish-es, esthetic shortcuts.

He did not admire his work, nor did he pay any further attention to it. He neither expected gratitude nor despised ingratitude.

He was neither pleased nor annoyed, impartial to invocations and yet responsive, coldly waiting. After all, he was a Saturnian hermit.

A holy head, but a strange holiness, not fallen, not exalted, neither in ascent nor in descent. Who planned his destiny when he was a living man on earth?

What share of his destiny did he receive? That is to be silenced, in him it was when he was alive. Neither must there be nothing in time, nor must there be no space in man. He did not even think about himself, a monstrosity for a sentient man who was completely at peace with himself. Someone once wrote that true angels are monstrous for a human being, their perception is too beautiful.

The closeness is imaginary and yet practiced, a mortal worships gods, like the sun, but it shatters a speck of dust - sometimes by pure chance; The black man under the sun and the planets stared down at planet Earth from the moon, unnoticed by all. He planned to save, a cruel undertaking, as if he were reviving someone he loved, but with a cold, robotic understanding, like a doctor who was once full of commitment and compassion, lost that feeling and became a mortician, yet saved lives, destinies and properties of the earth through his emptiness.

If he would fully comprehend his life fates, relate the content of all the pains, agonies and silent resolutions, the concealment of astralistic constellations and the damages of mischief, of experiments, perhaps a mere breath of air would pass through his lips, and then he would turn into stone, into a living corpse coma. But that is yet to come. Better not to know. What else is there, comfort in a sinking world.

# Rotas tenet opera

We are born fools, and since fools play with fate and ride on a chariot, the wheel of fate exalts one and degrades another, the ignorance of blindness chains the devil and death, when we enter the path we are both a fool, a magician and a charioteer.

We can fall prey to death by submitting to negative forces, despair and misfortune. The lovers consecrate the bond, and strengthened by temperance, they walk the path together.

The devil plots against the lovers and destroys temperance, while they face each other in self-control and close the numinous currents within them. They may part in sorrow, but they must go on; they are magicians, fools, charioteers, and their wheel of fortune is balanced in maturity and moderation.

The mistress becomes the moon, the magician becomes the hermit, he hangs upside down, with his roots in the stars, and his head shines below. The mistress in moderation commands herself and deals with worldly affairs, she rules the world, the magician rules the world himself and becomes the emperor.

The hermit leaves the star and deals with worldly affairs. But being reminded by the suffering and transience of all things, he separates himself from the world and becomes the man of the mountain in solitude, weighing and judging.

When the mistress, thus reminded of the stars, becomes dissatisfied with worldly affairs, she consecrates herself to the moon and becomes a holy priestess, the master likewise a hierophant, they discuss and banish the false towers, expel ignorance and deception, and bring to light the truth of the light of heaven.

The intrigues of the inverted powers, neither of darkness nor of light, but of ignorance and deception, of stupidity and baseness, abhorring both the hells and the heavens, for in their suffering they wage war against themselves and against the world. When the magician is seized by suffering and torment, he himself becomes a devil; on the other hand, when he turns to the stars and recognizes them within, he continues as a hermit.

A difficult task to let love go! But the lovers meet again, and they should link their paths and destinies without forgetting each other. This pyramid is in fact inverted, because when it reaches the top, it is inverted again, the tops meet at the star of consciousness.

With each death, one becomes a fool again, and thus reminded of the path, one can set out or continue, blackened and darkened by troubled times, in robes of darkness, then liberated again, and the robes change from black to white and white to black again.

The sacred steps, death makes us all fools, the threads set in motion in life continue in the dissolution of chance, fate and destiny!

The sun is the supreme deity on earth, the star is guarded by the Seven Righteous, the celestial power is the power that feeds the lions of the purple goddess of the stars

Stars, all justice belongs to the starry heavens, who distribute it to the mortals who enter the way! And this justice is that of return and reconciliation, of liberation and return to the great home of all spirits. Oh, if the parity of heaven and nature, science and spirit, men and starry heavens. Justice would be one! But the gradation of angles in multiplicity - would it not defy variation and diversity that there be variation and differences in a cosmos of order out of necessity, for it would be One and perfect and would never differentiate into a cosmic manifold melody if that were so.

But the ways of the world are those of metamorphosis and change, the ways of the Great and Divine are the perfect unity in the brilliance of all the stars, yet they are not different, they spring from the same source - the power of the heavens and the weight of chaotic fire and the matter that gives it form is an ocean of movement, it is the substance that corrupts and the substance that enables.

It is the great womb from which the cosmos emerges, with the laws of the starry heavens above and within the stars, the dragons entwined.

When they look into each other's eyes, they mirror each other and the spirit is born, the cosmic egg. When we look into the eyes of the stars and into the eyes of our beloved, when we look at ourselves and reflect inward and outward, harmony in the tension of opposites, upward movement to the transcendent third - united under the stars.

# Descent into the abyss

A cylinder hammering on my flesh, writhing in my mind, falling through constant emptiness, a vision - amid the Devanagari, amid the dust of life, the ashes of burnt corpses, a meditator drinking his flesh and blood, burning with a living flame, mirroring me, the victim of a corporeal image, a redhead approaches me, lies with me for a while, then disappears into the ashen fog. Thrown down, floating in the monolithic sounds of the planetary void, I returned to my body, awake all the time, with imprints in my veins, that was my seal. On the wooden table appeared with chalk a word in Hebrew language -

Mahil, that was an angel of the scribes. I wrote it in a pentagram, then threw away.

Did not allied traditions try to claim me as a strategic move? Or was it a gift at the time? Emanationist tantra, Horus was the closest deity I remembered from childhood.

The next day, the next night, thrown over my body, circling, spinning on its axis, my eyeballs felt like they were falling into an empty sacrificial skull. Crowned as king of the demons, a steel crown on my forehead.

The next night they approached the red dragon's body and tried to feast on me, they were scorched as if drinking the sun. Shadows on red flames, screaming with bitterness, punished for trying to drink my blood. Vampiric, subhuman powers. They summoned the seven fallen, ghouls and corpse-eaters. It took them several hours to destroy the blood-red orb that enveloped my body. Then they tried to make me their king, a cheap imitation of their pathetic, filthy aspirations. As if fools wanted to create and crown a greater, depraved, degenerate fool than themselves.

The next day I felt dry, dead, without vitality, I did not know if I was alive and the rest were dead, or if I was dead and the rest were alive. My soulless body looked black, sinking down into Thanatos, not to mention all the magical procedures done to me, and done by myself. What was it that kept me alive? That was eleven years ago now. Anniversary, June 3, 2007 of the madness, anniversary sometime in August, maybe on the 12th 2007 descent and slaughter. Since then, many stories have been written, many that will remain unspoken and unsaid.

My voice was played and heard, my madness held my voice captive, vampires made sure to bind my spirit to flesh, my fangs, invisible bioplasmic shadow substance did not crave blood. Yet they reminded me of destinies.

Da'ath, Amentet, the throat and croak of a human voice on the waves of the Aethyrs. Parasites attaching themselves to the vocal cords and causing terrible things to happen. Would the noble things ever be worth saying, illusions of speech-things I never said, doubles-things I would never be. I have been dead for years, and I have become more and more resistant.

## Diary of a fallen priest of Isis

Is it reason that, in the face of the collapse of the logos and the onslaught of the iron ages, defends its light on small islands, encircled by a darkness concentrated by the unsuspecting minions of anti-intellectualism, of populism, of division, of the violent display of the opinion of hardliners, no matter how vile or stupid.

That for such reasons one retreats between the earth and the providence of the gods, sometimes oblivious to the horror of it all, sometimes in empty destructiveness and compassionate anger, or to the gardens of a dragon's heart to nurture that long-forgotten sublimity that can not be found anywhere nearby.

Sometimes we have a hunch that manifests itself in the fact that there are more individuals with such concerns, but we realize that we are in the minority and that we are stepping back from the authoritarian speeches of the hardliners that would strengthen the machine and further satisfy the greed for darkness, for ignorance. We step back to act as underdogs and nurture the things of old, like old scholars who weep silently over times gone by and visit forbidden museums to find greatness with a sense that they delude themselves-it will thrive-that they have kept for others-like archivists-as a testimony;

That they have tried to follow the high ideas, to internalize them, to embody them. O wretched greatness, you shine and collapse, you bring us the hatred of those to whom we are exposed! Then we become a curse, because we realize that we are alone, separated, that we cannot even find a resemblance in those we love. We loathe and love this world all too much! We turn to the gods who send us back and say in silent realization 'these things are no longer to be found down here, you lonely hero'.

It breaks our hearts, for the void between earth and sky, between unwritten stories, makes us ponder, like other sages in times of doom, whether to tear the white robes and sink to the ground in spasms of honest anguish and pain, whether to risk tainting the robes with darkness and becoming a pyramid of silence, or whether to go on with a strong heart and watch the actions and threads of the world - withdrawn, detached, with a heavy heart. With Horusian foresight, great comprehensive wisdom, the penetrating view into all living things. I have dreamed with him of all living things. I have stood with him, strong as a tower - an unspoken acknowledgement of all my plans, big dreams and unhindered aspirations written in the stars that were collapsing, stained by the wretched darkness in this world, making me just another fallen fool.

To live another day! Destroyed, branded, banished, marked, made into drudges! As long as our minds and hearts are needed for even the smallest transition, as long as the gods need their mediators on earth to engage, to intercede. Our words do not need to be spoken, they would be twisted, masquaded, deformed, lied, then we would speak dirt ourselves, because they lose any meaning!

When our forces dwindle, our obligations are difficult to revive from the rut of everyday life, but a flash, a beautiful flash of an hour, a minute, a second of freedom from the vile forces that have encircled us, that live with us, that live us, who have accustomed us and who watch us from the victorious position - this beautiful flash of a single act, of a ritual, of a ceremony that outshines them with its power, its might, its beauty, its awe - unexpectedly, dazzles them, sears their eyes, makes them fall to the ground in misery. Then, when the act is over, they see this potential and make all sorts of attempts to knock us off our hard-won ground, to humiliate and weaken us, to intimate and threaten us.

Then we persevere. Our minds and hearts are shattered and blackened, our robes long forgotten, but we carry on as long as we are needed.

## Thanatos

I was on my way home from a visit to my friends. On the way there, I usually get on two night buses. I listen to the drunk people, the silent people, wondering what their heart and mind are thinking about, mask-like many things, hidden lives, superficial, young and those whose shadows are long - rare. Bottles rolling on the floor, spreading the drink all over the body. I usually listen to music, try to meditate amid the chatter of young women looking for love, young men looking for sex or vice versa. I have a lot of things to think about. I feel like an old master, yet I am only 31 years old. Paternal, saturnine strictness, perhaps self-imposed, strict but not rigorous. Perhaps protectionist, self-defensive compensation for not feeling anything more. But ethos commands compassion, instead of malice, cruelty and apodictic anger.

I reached the main train station in Warsaw, Poland. I bought a coffee from a vending machine, rolled a cigarette and stood about twenty metres from the smoking place. Usually they ask for cigarettes and money there, I stood there having short conversations, ex-convicts, thieves, homeless people, random travellers, maybe a few prostitutes. In the midst of all these people busy with their subjective lives, my attention was suddenly drawn to a homeless man sitting on one of the benches at the bus station, not being noticed by anyone.

I asked myself in my mind, "Should I call an ambulance, intervene?".... "I have done it before, but no one seems to care." I shook my head, "No, do not intervene". It was just me and this homeless man. The people who broke the line between my eyes and arms stared at me, sometimes laughing, they were invisible to me as the homeless man was to them. I wore a pair of black wings, Azrail perhaps, an old friend. An angel of death.

We stared together, then my gaze was drawn to the shopping centre "Złote Tarasy," which Thanatos lit up green, neon-lit. I thought, "This can not be this man's fate, this is not fair". Slowly people gathered around the homeless man, checking if he was still alive, some quickly moving away, fearing he might actually be dead. The bus arrives, N72, and passes the man and the crowd. I make a gesture, close my eyes, two coins for Charon. The passing.

I was sitting on the bus. I felt his soul enter mine, commended him to the moon spirit, prayed, called my friends, "may he be safe." I consulted his soul.

I heard a dark voice in my head "if you do not want your life, he will live with you in your body". I wondered what kind of life he had had before, before. After a while his soul left him. The bus ride began. I stared at his body from the back seat of the night bus, his leg seemed to be moving. Maybe he was alive after all? But I did not feel like I had been cheated. I had done my job. The green, dark-winged death I kissed in imagination, a gesture.



# Imponderables of a dead year.

They sat in silence, him trying to say a few words to bring the conversation back on track. She was depressed, heavy hearted, as if small implosions of whole worlds plunging to their doom were building up in her lungs, in her chest, in her soul, heart and mind. She began to cry, silently. The only thing he could see was the rotten face of a dead woman draped over her face. He knew she had been hurt in life and was now trying to be understood by recreating her pain through his love. He was helpless and broken, staring blankly down the empty corridor of the pub. He looked again; she was still there. Normally he would speak, reach out to her, but he was helpless, it was better not to see certain things.

But if he did not, would they survive this long? His mind would be distracted, he would leave, she would not forgive. Unconditional love means loving the spirit of the other, everything else is a pretence with which we communicate in between, the gestures, the signs, the bodies, the blood of the soul, all the imponderables, the unspoken, which are a sum of submission to love. The dead woman brought out her depression and pain, through her, he did not blame any of them, it was not even malice. It was the cruelty of the world repeating itself and growing into a mountain of filth. Maybe that's why most people do not feel or think they feel anything at all, they have all been defeated by a veil of darkness that has grown so thick that they have a semblance of life. It is as if pure ideas, when recognised, are something foreign to this modern world, as something long forgotten, as something uncomfortable, shameful - when they blossom in the suffered light, they attract too much darkness. It tries to understand them first, then to make itself similar, and when that fails, it tries to defeat them, to mock them, to destroy them, and finds itself with nothing. As in the paraphrase of Shem, the black fire of chaos by nature tries to consume the greater worlds, to disturb them and become them, this is an ancient law of the prison of spirits, when even shrouded shadows carry something hidden, bright and long forgotten.

That the shadows have not grown into them, they remain unsullied, it is that the shadows of our lives, illusions, masks are the threads pulled by the contamination, the deafness, blindness, recklessness, ignorance, all the things that moved us to living ideas, to beauty, harmony, greatness, hope - dead. Dead in shells that move like automatons, masks, our demons and ghosts that we have turned into. What a sham. The iron chain of the past, trapping more in the machine of death. There he remained, cruelly killed years ago, cursing his indestructibility and blessing the Gods for the remnants of sanity. An Egyptian sage gave thanks for a strong heart in dark times. So did he, or the pain would be unbearable. He could not tell her that something else had put her in this miserable position, he could only talk to his beloved about her pain, which she did not understand. She had a hellish life, a life in hell. And so did he. That's why they had tears of joy and exhaustion in their eyes when they met for the first time. They saw through each other without a word. When they returned home, they kept their distance. Then they turned, hugged and kissed. The black limousine that was parked next to them drove away with Whitesnake's song "Is this love?" in its ears. The synchronicity, a tired one, was confirmed.

## I have seen things that you, as a human being . . would not want to see.

I have seen things that you humans would never believe. Neither would I, because I grew in fear and terror I internalized the nightmare I began to see with the splendor and awe of the gods. Tired of the masks I have to wear, a professional among adult children, a clown among adults. I should not, I should wear my curse with the solitary pride or ease of a craftsman. I need others to keep from going crazy, companionship, an illusion of sameness.

Years ago I disclosed what I had experienced and that scared others, some even dared to mock me, I was branded crazy among old acquaintances. All the hundreds of faces I used to know are meaningless to me, just masks of the same grave I escaped. I see the invisible worlds and interact.

I see bloated, rotten faces imposing themselves on your children, your ancestors who have found no rest trying to call you. My curse and blessing is that

I see.



From this and from ordinary human knowledge, from the revelation of occultation, I have found my universe of meanings. They are everywhere, and they are intelligent as the departed and the living in many invisible worlds that surpass what other mortals can comprehend.

When an undead ethereal corpse of a murderer takes over my mind and body, my mind is twisted to the worst atrocities that I control and try not to commit.

When a whore of hell, a woman addicted to the lust of life, leered at me from the face of my beloved, I knew. Her shattered, cut, rotten face found no rest.

Was it her fault?

No. I hate religious fanatics. Religious arrogance of the bastards of history. Sacrosanct ignoramuses. Half-truths of domini canes - cruel dogs of a God who is irrelevant to me. A god is a word stuffed with projections of their stomachs and dirty desires.

I wanted divinity, not religion. The higher worlds that revealed themselves to me did not want religion either. They even spurned it. Who would ask angels and archangels to profess the religions of monkeys? The gods scoff at these kneeling crowds of slaves.

I have developed my own cosmography, occult philosophy, theology and philosophy. I have no need for religion. Pagan theology and modern science fit my goals. The ancient ethos, the esthetics of the classics, so as not to get into a chaotic mess, and the modern method, applied to empirical metaphysics and the divine movements of concept, intellect, feeling, imagination, the inductive-deductive method of revealing, interpreting, understanding, weighing, balancing. A gigantomachy of madness, of good and evil, of inner reason.

harmony of tension in resistance to the pull of emptiness” - reformulation of the Mithraic axiom

It was the same misery that we share in the world, I would not call it misfortune, but the mutually created interdependent hells that we have created for ourselves in this world.

From this perspective, this world is hell. To find solace, we must remain strong, indifferent, detached, a bit like a Hindi Aghori who pays no homage to forms, no matter how twisted, horrible or disgusting they are to others. On the other hand, keep the joy and overcome with a smile.

Another comfort is to find wisdom from the old days.

I was committed to a psychiatric ward years ago and stuffed full of debilitating medications. It did not help me one iota, but I developed a cover story and a social security backbone as ‘mentally disabled’ that gave me low resources and an alibi. The psychiatric script helps some - it silences their fears, their beliefs into delusions, their visions into hallucinations. It gives them an explanation to live by, as some live by myths.

But that was not enough for me.

Over the years I developed a highly complicated, sophisticated, beautiful system to work in these worlds, a system of philosophy, theology, and technical occult tools that helped me survive.

I have seen solar discs floating in the sky, gold-heavy and steely deities incarnated in my body.

Forces from world systems aware of us. We communicated in the silence where I was the lone one among the people and they were the understanding mothers and fathers. I was not on my own, otherwise I would have committed suicide long ago. Years in limbo, with interruptions for two women who survived me and my instabilities caused by mediumships and possessions, the last one I tried to train to be a mistress and I was proud of her and still am.

The more you know about the other worlds, the greater the arsenal of intrigues, ordeals and trials against you. As if the plot against the human freedoms of knowledge or punitive measures against you. I have seen through so many intrigues that all human stratagems in history seem like child’s play to me. I know you all too well, I learned that in the other worlds.

So far, I have not found anyone who is my equal, but I do not intend to boast and puff myself up. I am keeping a low profile, as I should, and trying not to point fingers at others, because who is to blame? There is something about transcending the human world, rising above it and interfering with people, while being constrained by the human form, being suffocated by it.

Each new person, each new interaction, each new mastery of a mask, a persona. Someone said ‘be real’, I took him for a child - split personalities, masks, entities taking over these masks and personas and playing them as I allow them, or being mastered by them and yet recursively aware, acting and acting, puppeteer and puppet.

We are but an illusion, the only true self is a combination of all our movements when taken for single moments - they are merely a dream our being dreams. But there is a twist that many people often ask: what becomes of

us when we die? Wheels of fortune, preparations, works, transformations. What will be taken away from them? This question has been answered by ancient masters, I have merely repeated and expanded it based on what I have seen and experienced.

No 'divine knowledge', no 'revelations', only what I could make of it and offer it as a gift to others, write it down, think about it and process it. An honest person who errs in what his mind and senses interpret, but he errs in a great way - by creating models of these worlds and trying to approach their truth, their essential core. When I am among people, even people with some magical zeal and belief in such things, I find that their understanding is incomplete, so I disseminate limited information from a monolith of my experience, fragments scraped from the surface of things. I do not remember everything at once, I have collected all moments in a hidden structure, I simply retrieve what is to be retrieved, build on my past experiences, collect what can be collected and keep learning new things.

If I had to know everything I know all the time, I would break down and go crazy. That is beyond the capacity of my mind. I did not write this to find understanding or to tell an entertaining story. I wanted to write myself out. I loathe myself for things that should be endured in silence. I hate voyeurs as much as I hate exhibitionists.

I have partially made myself both. I watch the world and show the world. But I only do it once in this form. It's far too personal. I prefer to be guided by objective considerations and scientific methods, to keep things formal and structured, and to avoid chaos.

And once - once I knew love and despair, these are memories implied with arms outstretched.

Feeling is a dangerous thing, after years of pain, tears, mental and physical anguish I have repressed myself. In recent years I have felt something honest only twice

- when a woman whom I loved with an idea, supreme unconditional love, mutilated herself before my eyes. I forced her to stop by restricting her movements and she said she wanted to kill herself, she was suffering from depression - I burst into screaming despair and cries, a purgatory and started punching myself in the face to make her stop. Within five minutes I was back to being a disciplined, blocked off, dignified person. She worked her way out of depression over a few months, I'd like to think I helped her do that. The other moment was when

I decided to rid myself of all the pain, a catharsis. They say you have to live through your pain, flush it out, get rid of it, to get rid of it. I landed on the floor in a neuropathic spasm, shaking like a centipede as the waves of pain passed through me until I stopped them with a whisper.

I am a surface, just a surface, my soul is deep in some cosmic void and I do not want to shout it back. This surface of my persona is attached to a star above me, my consciousness. Let me leave the torment behind, let me go with my lamp through the darkness illuminated by gods and spirits. There is nothing more to say.

Too many threads that would write volumes, taken to the grave like the whispers of a madman. Yet I am free, I am not a slave. Recognized as a free man among gods. Therefore those who hate freedom will disfigure my mind and harass me. I have won my gladius, which is no longer a commodity, but my own tool in this world.

# Blade Runner's Pris and Batty as Ops and young Saturn: The Archetype

Batty gets up and goes to a chess set in the corner of the room, a game is obviously in progress. Batty studies it for a moment, then moves the White Queen to the Bishop.

Pris walks over to him. Her tone muted but demanding. ( . . . ) They stare at each other for a long time in silence, communicating something with their eyes... without expression. Finally Batty breaks the silence.

BATTY I've seen things... (long pause) seen things you little people wouldn't believe... Attack ships on fire off the shoulder of Orion bright as magnesium... I rode on the back decks of a blinker and watched c-beams glitter in the dark near the Tanhauser Gate. (pause) all those moments... they'll be gone.

Batty holds Deckard's eyes like a hypnotist.

- Blade Runner Script

In astrological parlance Saturn is considered malefic and represents the age of the ancient wise sage. I have been pondering whether this aspect is not only associated with the lower metaphysical octaves of this planet, while in the higher, imperial octave it is of use in a most unpredictable way. It acts as a wise teacher, cutting through superficial business and ties for every age of man, when one matures decidedly according to his age. The right of a child to play is different from that of a senator to go about his business, for each according to his age, duties and responsibilities. It has a cold and dry character and indicates melancholy. Therefore, various people of young age who are troubled by pain and suffering, including sensitive people who tend to become melancholic when they are hurt, also exhibit saturnine traits through the law of learning, deep foresight into causality, and drawing on life experiences that solidify their approach to the world and shape their way of thinking. They think deeply and are silent a lot, are solitary but loyal to friends and the few things they deem worthy enough to pursue, and they are loyal to

Deities and powers of various origins. In humans, it shows power and firmness, earthly causes, possessions, supervision of activities, intelligence, boldness, toil, arrogance, and harbingers of death. Saturn nature, by its tendency, its nature, the collected honey from the life experiences of black bile, tends to vile and evil things, bitterness, cruelty, malice, when hurt, harmed, offended, humiliated. Therefore, he must strive for things of ethos and intellect to defeat that which the heavy lead symbolizes. The Mercurian way is fast and yet slow, but beware of the Saturnian way of turning lead into gold by ceaselessly engaging in alchemical endeavors to subdue, overcome or submit to the harm. Only with great strength and great intellect can you take the substance of the damage and refine it into something better, nobler, stronger, greater - indeed. With great valor, his nature settles into these traits of the fatherly sage and a refined seer, an assassin or a shadow witch, a holy man or a vampire. The eagles of Rome were the Saturnian "Pater Noster" rank, the great initiates of the highest rank in the mysteries of Mithra. Great dangers occur when the nature of the beholder in this process behaves unrestrainedly abominable, including vicious murders, unthinking bestiality. Great good occurs when nature overcomes, great wisdom, benevolence and the power of justice prevails after the trials.

Considering this astrological environment, we should recall some Gnostic concepts. In the Hebrew Manichaean gnosis, the whole creation was considered by an evil

In Hellenic gnosis, on the other hand, the demiurge, often symbolized by the dodecahedron or a small model of the universe, was seen in Platonic terms as wholly good, simple, and benevolent. The term henosis was reserved for the point at which the divine meets a man or woman and awakens the divine within. The means were varied and reminiscent of the late Neoplatonic theurgues such as Master Iamblichus or the advisor to Emperor Julian, the Theurgist Maximus.

The way there, according to the testimony of the Chaldean oracles written down by Julian the Theurgist, a miracle worker and soldier in the army of Marcus Aurelius, required the deepest concentration, consecration and invocation of the divine powers and receiving from them in the act of Theion Ergon - Work of Men, Work of the gods - with the help of homoiosis Theio - the sacred work of heroization and embodiment of a mortal man, who was thus destined to join the procession of the sacred and divine.

Batty's death wish, the sacrificial Thanatos, was transformed into a monolithic desire to perform an act reserved for the demiurge to save himself, similar to the schools of Theravada and Hinayan Buddhism, where self-liberation was more important than the obligation to work for the welfare and restoration of all out of compassion, as in the Mahayana traditions. He embodies the self-governed and the liberated, the Saturnine autonomous. In a sense, he is a superman who is detached from human beings and yet perfectly understands the great stases (issues) and small vagaries of their existence. He has no need to re-humanize himself, for that would rob him of his status as a demigod, a mutant in sci-fi parlance, a modified future man. He has mastered the human world in such a way that he can play it virtuously.

In fact, it is not an act, but an authentic, masterful performance in which he plays at being a human being while wearing a mask of God, a transcendent deity composed and arranged in human harmony, ratio, and proportion, yet completely self-contained, standing there like a mask of a god.

The dominant psychological dynamic of the Neoplatonic saints and theurgists was the threat of misanthropy, of a certain elitism, but only when they fall away from an overarching definition of a perfected human being and become human wretches, when they have lost the thread of *communitas* (community) *comitas* (brotherhood) and *severitas* (severity). Is it not the case that when the human form is preserved but the arch-human strife seethes within, species parity can be lost in solitude, to the detriment of both parties, one is lost in the obsession of separation, like Empedocles who jumped into a volcano-as the legends of Diogenes Laërtius relate-to prove that he is a god, and men are lost without their "heroes with a thousand masks," in Campbellian henotheistic terms. Batty suffers from the human form because he knows he is a demigod. Yet he tries to transform the lead beyond that form before it threatens to turn him into a psychopath or murderer. It is a battle of Faustian cuts with Macbeth, in which Mephistopheles plays the role of Moire. Indeed, inasmuch as Faust was to Goethe as Zarathustra was to Nietzsche, Deckard and Batty were to Philip K. Dick.

We are the actors we create, they reflect us and our imagination, the dynamics of our projection, re-projection, introjection from within and without.

At the moment when Batty rescued Deckard, there was a withdrawn tension in which the lead turned to gold, the alchemical pelican that fed its young with its own blood turned into a phoenix.

Pris is the Uranian-Neptunian element representing a liquid-narcotic, reality-playing lover killed in an instant. By losing the water of life, the redeeming element, he loses the reason to sustain his life and must reappear as quickly as the action continues. Here everything retains the quality of an instinctive choice - the sum of one's being in a quick decision or the decision of fate to be a shell or a ghost, an android or a human.

The game of spiritual liberation was accentuated by transforming the transformation of an inner territory of discipline from an attempt at constant revenge to an attempt at salvation by recognising in a human being a familiar face that knows to its core a certain uncanny sparkle of hope, in which the bridging of brotherhood and otherness is accomplished and then carried by a golden thread found in despair.

Batty wanted to know his creator, the genetic architect, and then murders him - the young Saturn as the voice of an aeon, the old one deposed by violence, perhaps liberated, a new generation of time slaughters the old Chronos, Saturnalia releases the austere energies of an ordered society in December for all to rejoice. The old year goes, a new one begins, the winter equinox marks the new season. The androids, with their genetically limited life span, know the thread of time that the Architect donates, transmits and sustains; he is their god and clock. He is the master of life and death. Kill him and the roles reverse and the android Batty rules time. It is a common scheme to kill the father, usually a matter of maturation, initiation rites in tribal communities, here done very specifically. In a normal scenario it would be called psychopathology, but the architect's son overdid it and gave in to bloodlust. There was no more room for the self-builder and sovereign, regicide was committed to take his place. Here, a new archetype of the demiurge - Lucifer, the fallen one - becomes Prometheus again. Indeed, in Greco-Roman traditions, Prometheus was a secret story about how the divine fire descended into the world to free captives from the Platonic cave in order to set them free.

But does Prometheus become the new demiurge of a world he sought to liberate? It is a Socratic irony that things that should not be spoken or written about must be so after all! After centuries have passed, he tries to destroy his creation, devours his children like Kronos - and yet both look at their works with deep insight, bring the fire of divine life, the spark of enlightenment and the fire of destruction until the new cycle begins. In a Gnostic sense, after the murder of his father, Batty opens his eyes to the prisoner - Deckard, mirrors himself in him and tries to free him, to support him, to save him.

It is a tension between the despair about the continuing existence and the affirmation of this existence in the cold wasteland of the cosmos. This is where a transcendent element comes in - some uncanny, transcendent, supra-stellar worlds weave a thread of understanding that neither Batty as young Saturn nor Deckard as his inferior brother understand.

The key passage of "Blade Runner" is Deckard's vision in which a white horse gallops, then he collects a small origami horse made of tinfoil. At these two points, the invisible world of synchronicities enters, the anomalies that seem reasonable only to the eyes in the stars, the divine that flashes humbly in a technocratic totalitarian system, mutely underscoring the whole film's 'alas, all is not lost'.

The renewal took place by murder, the old demiurge-Saturn (Chronos) is slain, perhaps freed from the bonds of his own creation, his time, the new one sees only continuity, not suspecting, yet how his own creation turns against him in the end. Following the vision, it disintegrates and destroys the seer, making him a crusader. For a new one will come as long as the world lasts. He points to Deckard: 'ecce homo' - the cry seeps into the wells of the past. Pris as ops is the earth, the companion, after her loss she becomes Rhea - time of memory, the memory of loss. The only one who preserves true love is Deckard. Was it not Virgil who wrote: "Amor Vincit Omnia", and thus Eros stands triumphant as Titan among the gods - after the humanity of an innocent mortal fool.



# Moths of Fames: Graves of Fortunes

It's about building up the character of your people, that's what leaders do, it's about making them strong and free, that's what a statesman does, it's about making them just and happy, that's what a wise man does, it's about making them reasonable, educated and thinking, that makes a teacher. It is not about leaders being strong in character, free and strong statesmen, happy and just sages, educated and thinking teachers, it is about inspiring people to be that, that is the difference between privilege, appointed role and greatness. The first is merely a given, what we make of it is our own decision and is not gained by us, the second is an opportunity and can be beneficial if used wisely, the last promotes further, it is a source of giants who keep the least to themselves, for they are endless, they inspire individuals to equally individualize themselves into greatness and build healthy societies.'

All our movements reflect our innermost, our striving, our speaking, thinking and acting projects what we really are. Objectively speaking. The rest is reception and perception of others, which also obey this law. The denial of objectivity is a delusion or self-deception. But who claims the objectivity of evaluations? Who knows our innermost being, the treasures of mind, heart and soul? What is made of our geniuses and destiny in the eyes of the sun? How does it change in the course of time and destiny? Mortuaries and cemeteries are only - profession, date of birth, date of death, the rest is superficial. One can build a palace for his corpse or be buried in the forest. A splendidly buried one can end up in the howling underworld of the Styx, punished by the oath of the gods, an anonymously buried one, torn apart by wild beasts, raised by them by a twist of fate. Depending on the position one occupies in the wheel of worldly fortune, one must respond to fate accordingly, this is not a responsibility, but a sign of fate. If one who has good luck abuses it, he is cursed, if one who has bad luck is unfortunate, he is pardoned, if his bad luck turns into persistent overcoming - that is a worthy quality, if one who has great luck makes the luck of others greater - that is a great master. Turning an unlucky person into a noble person, turning a noble person into an unlucky person, making an unlucky person overcome himself and become noble - that is worthy, turning a noble person into pure gold - that is perfection. Time writes the greatest obituaries, history is the necrology.

It is fame that governs earthly memory, fame confers neither personal greatness nor personal misery, it can elevate the greatest scoundrel and punish the noblest creature. It is for the times to decide. In golden times the noble are elevated and the wretched are disposed of; in bad times it is the other way around. But fate plays tricks on us and changes, it is not a law: sometimes in fallen times the wretched are punished and the noble at least keep their position, and in golden times it may be the other way around by mistake. Time is not a witness, history is not a memory.

## On Evil and the Curse of Volition

I was called to be a magician, to create, to act, to dare, to divine. People like us gather many enemies [on the other side] based on certain additional rights and laws. Therefore, we must develop our arsenal and tools of the trade quickly enough to survive, to outwit and meet the forces that face us in this life. It is an intellectual self-defense mechanism that has become almost an intuitive habit. People like us were burned at the stake in the Middle Ages when we struggled with things these Christian pedants had no idea about. The latter were partly the cause of the problem. Having encountered many malignant spirits, or spirits that mingle 'badly' with the human spirit, I assumed that the doctrine of the 'mingling of natures' was sufficient. It is, from a de-anthropocentric perspective. Natures are not capable of judgment.

However, from a human-centered perspective, I have chosen to define 'evil' in these terms. It is nothing more than a defilement of the human mind that is predisposed, conditioned and, depending on circumstances, educated to negative encounters that drive it to self-destruction or others to destruction. But this is a trivial evil, it is destructive, and a schoolboy knows what it is.

Pure evil is cold, undifferentiated, spineless; it is a blade of deranged cruelty on one side and a blade of sadistic, cruel indifference on the other. It is the look of an innocent smiling boy who has just killed his sister without remorse. It is a dictatorship that is like a machine. It is a cold machine that does not work by reversal, like antinomian evil, it is beyond good and evil, it recognizes both factors and yet pursues the psychopathic goal of self-loyalty towards the abyss of hallucinations, the Black Brother is a force of annihilation, he is blind,



deaf and wants to contaminate with himself. Woe to those who are contaminated by the Black Brothers of the Shadows. I do not blame murderers. Know thyself. My guilt was will, my survival was based on my will, I was at the mercy of 'I Will' as a curse. Every break, every crack in my will meant death, derangement, suffering, pain, all that I killed. I was forced to kill all my love for the Will, for the Want, to sacrifice everything human in order to survive. My spirit was tortured, my body tormented, broken for years, humiliated - it was like a wheel of misfortune. Put me in a uniform and I will be just another executioner, put me on a podium and I will organize a dictation. And I have met the pyramid heads. They took advantage of my pain, I screamed, and then silence - I looked in the mirror with my face half rotten, pyramid-headed shadow silhouettes on either side of me. I froze with understanding. I smiled with a lazy grin.

The question is - can ethos and intellect overcome sterility and cruelty when conscience, shame and morality go to hell? I would rather believe it is possible, I would rather not check it under all the smiles and comforts. But it must be trained, continuously, constantly, so that it becomes intuitive like steel, always on guard, always self-reflective, deeply focused and aware. How can you check people's integrity? I know that people like me were given new identities or sentenced to death at the Nuremberg Trials. I am glad that this will never be put to the test. Suffering and pain, hatred and frustration either give birth to a spiral of evil or find rebirth as love and compassion. Evil and good are made. You have to know good and evil to know what is right, otherwise you are just a puppet on the strings of fate. A broken mind leads to evil, which can either be restored or is irretrievable.

When evil defiles the mind, it breaks man's reason. All evil is based on ignorance, stupidity and obscured vision. But when an arm begins to rot, it is difficult not to cut it off. When evil is deeply rooted in the blood, it is a waste of time to eradicate it, because it grows malicious and mocking. If one adopts the habits of evil, one is irretrievably lost. One may be aware of the fact of defilement or not want to acknowledge it, the other may fight against it - this is a condition of holiness -, the last is completely taken over by the corrosive force and is finally devoured by it.

May the defilement not take us as its harvest. May we become white brothers. Sometimes the knowledge of virtue and vice is not enough to survive in this game. It must be practiced without a hint of distraction in a gigantomachy of mortals, giants, awe, nightmare, liberation, enslavement, obscuration and enlightenment.

## Day of the Dead: Nurturing Thanatos

In keeping with the rituals of ancestor veneration and a reconstruction of the Eleusinian rite in which melicraton, a mixture of milk, honey and wine, was poured on the grave as a libation, I wanted to honor the dead this year, as I did last year.

I prepared the mixture at home and then spent some time asking the spirits of the higher generation to consecrate it as a meal for the dead (the substance acquired properties that made the meal for the dead a sacred scenario). I arrived near the cemetery and bought a candle that I had wrapped in plastic to protect it from rain. As I walk through the gates, I introduce myself and ask permission to enter the 'King and Queen' of the cemetery, the first people buried here. A necromancer (a 3 m tall humanoid shadow soul) appeared at the gates. He was my guide. At first I wondered and watched the moving statues, then some aetheric incubated dead began to move and noticed me. It would be a good day for incubation and dreams sent by the dead if the cemetery did not close at 8 p.m., I thought, but I was not prepared for that.

Last year I opened a small plutonium in a forest that is not a cemetery, wounding the earth with a spoon with the intention of opening a gate to chthonic words. The dead and the shadows come soon, partly to enjoy the feast of Melikraton, partly to suck my life force and blood and get more 'matter' in the shadows.

This year I have been guided by the necromancer's shadows and have been stopped at a grave of a recently deceased Polish senator and a young student. Using the dead gaze (a technique of witchcraft where you pierce the veils with your gaze), I penetrated through the figure of a standing angel and saw the face of the lady who called me. She said she would direct 'from above' what she could inspire for the better in this land in silent ideas.

I asked the winged one, flashing silver over the cemetery, to guide and release her through my spine. She passed through my nervous system, the snakes on my spine entwined and she was released, flashing gold above the cloudy night sky.

Then I lingered on in the cemetery with the thought that I could not serve them all, it would be too exhausting. I lit a candle at an unguarded grave, intending to light it for all the anonymous, forgotten dead. Then I moved to the left and approached a mausoleum and with the words 'Child of earth and starry sky that I am, I arrive here, may you be free, our race is heavenly'. I poured the melicraton into the tombs. I prayed and called the star friends, took two pictures and quietly withdrew from the cemetery.

## On the purpose of learning

- What is the goal of your studies? - To refine the intellect and correct the mind, constantly striving to discipline and overcome my thoughts in excellence
- What is the use of all the human knowledge you have acquired if you are successful?

Nothing, I recover my memory, which is in accordance with the truth, after I have passed to the heavenly spheres, after the operations in Theion Ergon are effective and sanctified. Then all knowledge on earth is less. But you respect the scholars who have gathered all this in laborious work like worker bees, so that you can study... Have they not also created and forged their intellect by contributing to the ever-moving fountain of knowledge and wisdom? -Indeed, they have done so. Respect their geniuses, because thanks to them you are able to refine the intellect in such a way, to make the movements of your conscious mind so logical and rhetorical, that you can understand metaphysics in an ever clearer way. - --What about those who do not care for learned pursuits?--They develop according to their talents here in crafts, there in arts and sciences, in manual labor, in enterprise, in political and social affairs, so they develop in silence, often unconscious of the occult movements of the feelings, of the mind, and of the soul, as long as the will to excel is present, they are in harmony with their nature--what greatest harm do you do to them? -They may not control themselves sufficiently, they move on the strings of fate as a plaything of their conditions, this is a terrible waste that these, who could be taught to strive for great natures and ingenious devices, are like puppets on the strings of their minds, jumping to and fro like wild monkeys. -What do you advise? -- To observe the flow of thoughts and then consistently and rhetorically learn to discipline them, to tame them like a yogi and consciously direct them to what you think is perfect and useful. For there is also a yoga of life, henceforth called the art of living. Those who know this secret are happy people indeed, despite the greatest torments and terrors that haunt their hearts!

## The Devil in Me

Remembering my love, the last time I catastrophically tried to remember it all, I ended up on the floor in epileptic spasms, whispering 'no more', then I pulled myself together and stood up, returning to the steel armor of cruel Saturn and walking in pride and anger, in cruelty and petty mimed malice, in a cold grin of forced compassion that looks like the smile of a murderer. The plants I adore most, the little birds, they are innocent in paradisiacal naivety.

They have crossed the laurel wreath and the lotus buds on their ophitic wings, with deeds and bravery that shake their tired heads above the cheesy sky. With outstretched arms and glorious lips they invoke the glory of the starry heavens to descend upon the children of the human race. O sweet sleep of a holy pagan man, kissed by the wings of angels.

Rise to a new prayer, an action, a ritual, an invocation, may the Great Goddess bless the little children of the human race. Too much light invites darkness, a known matter of defilement, too much resilience invites destruction - so that only a monument of steel can stand. Long stories, shortened in the state of 'now', memories are of no use to me, every day newly broken bones of the mind, newly sewn scars splintered and re-sewn, stuffed with maggots of small, insignificant games. They crawl and bore as I watch them crawl through the skin of my cheek.

Broken hearts immortalized in gold now stand not black, but in cold chasms. So I stare through my heart into the void, through the burning spirit of my vampire into the silent austerity of what broken statues of Ares, Mercury, and Helios might have felt when they struck the floors of temples, when cold marble in a thousand mirrors can translate their feelings into human prey to a dragon's spiked brain.

This half-broken, a rotten mask, replaceable body, the demon has grown inside me. A twitch, a habit, a pattern of feeling and thinking, all devils have left a trace of their malignant taste on me. With each pain, each black, dead tear, new habits were destroyed, new bravery was broken and replaced by a void that quickly filled with lesser things that grew into my nature like poisonous ivy of those things that remained unconquered and choked by great power. The greater my shadow, the distorted image of everything lived, everything painful, the greater the state of compassion and anger. To conquer is to keep still, to be detached, victories are measured by not giving in, losses are tragic and ponderous, deepening the deadly game of losing.

## On active meditation. Voided mindfulness

It was a bus station in one of the districts of Warsaw, Poland. The bus was already there, waiting for people to get on. There was no one else there, the journey began here. I sat down, the lights were still off and the bus driver was smoking a cigarette outside. I reach for my companion, the Book of Changes, and read a passage from hexagram 'The Mountain that Keeps Still.' While pondering a fragment, I flipped the book closed, stiffened my spine, and folded my hands in a U-shaped gesture.

Immobile monolith. This time it was not the steely heaviness that moved the mountain, but a light, gentle pause, like a youngest daughter on the shore of a lake, settling down in front of the majestic mountain, pondering a lost thought in the snow.

The flow of my thoughts was like a ravine. I brought it to a standstill while a certain disturbance struggled to invade and corrupt the mental continuum to corrupt it. 'I heard sounds from the city,' said a dark baritone voice in my head: 'Once again, you are a laughing stock, do not even try.'

They are to be ignored, discursive polluters, dialectical errors and lies, injecting thoughts and playing with empty phrases and sentences. They have nothing better to do than drive wedges into their own power. Rabid dogs and manifold tribes of utterers, clinging to their chains of illusions about their own person, their own self, and the shackles of their movements, mistaking them for their own, controlled by greater puppeteers of fate who hate me for it, that I undo mine, but in the end, when properly perceived, they free me in their misery, peel off superficial things for themselves to devour, digest and vomit out to go to the next feast of delusion, ignorance, illusion, filth.

At first I wanted to visualize geometric thought forms and give them a hypostatic, metaphysical proportion, but I decided to enclose a primordial spirit between two yin lines and connected them to my pneuma sitting on a throne between my eyebrows, my will, my name, my spirit, my star, the wholeness that I always was in this human form.

Just as everything I have lived through since childhood on the thread of my consciousness, wearing the garment of my life, hardening it, beating it, sharpening it, depending on my life, my mind, my emotions, and yet independent of them, once accomplished, forged into a completeness, wholeness, holiness.

This name, the spirit, the will, the power that moves from world to world, from a human animal into a God body, a vehicle of divine expression. when will this crooked, ruined spirit, this pain, this defilement depart from me? When will the bitterness, the domineering severity of the hardliner release me from its iron grip? It's only a transition. All that breaks with death, the spirit rises and dwells in a body of glorious solar victory. All the dirt is removed, the enemies of the past fade into bitterness and chase their own tails in great hatred, divinity is restored. Consolation. Hymn of the Pearl. Life is short, after all. Let us not waste it, between despair and affirmation, between torpor and paralyzing spasms of pain.

A man sat next to me. I tried not to distract my extended consciousness with random sounds and events. He was eating French fries, the smell and sound temporarily distracting me, I merged them into a stream of phenomena around me. I conjured up the sound of an empty, rushing stream that I remember from the descent. For a time I was a skeleton in robes, holding my skull in my hands.

Like a picture I saw, swords of the Minor Arcana of Tarot and the memory of the only one who loved me, my madness, who embraced me like a lioness. La Forza for a rose.

Meditation on a corpse. Nothing is without effect. A political thought that What I heard, erased, none of these phenomena should reach me here, they are insignificant in this depth. Rex Profundi, Regina Silentia. Then everything faded away as I moved from the phenomena into the void. My personality, mind and body became a selfless, radiant emptiness. I had practiced this so many times.

Sometimes I was engaged in rituals, conjuring illusions and sending out signals about the emptiness and fullness of the galaxies. A quick change of perception and I was back in the glorious golden light symbolized only by the stars in the universe. Just as this world is a shadow of the infinite worlds, a star is a shadow of the transcendent creative fires. The abyss and the cosmic voids are an insignificant spectacle. In Egyptian eschatology, the abyss is defeated in millions of years and the chaos of the black fires is extinguished into the nothingness that they are. The lotus buds open in glory and close in perfection.

I wear my robes of darkness, I wear my robes of golden cloth, in between I embrace the entire phenomenal world. A whisper distracted me, a couple in love, a couple, a small daimon pulled a string in my mind. Is he inciting jealousy? Overcome it with loving kindness! I too was once a recipient of love, rejoice in the love of others! How can one reconcile a vastness of mind that reaches the vast spaces of the world, that sees the horrors of infinite space once as a void, once as a winged thing that became spaceless and enters the safe cocoon of the human body, with the distraction of an insignificant little worm whispering some nonsense and clouding one's perception? It amuses me a little that an insignificant fly entering the eye can obscure the larger view of the world, that a small obscured mind - for a while - can stop the work of a titanic spirit in insignificant narrowing? Does not that evoke a smile?

I opened my eyes, put my book aside, and watched all the people on the bus, like a small child with curious attention and yet with the stern look of a stern man. Nothing was going to disturb me anymore, the equanimity of the phenomena and their ultimate nothingness, even if the advertising on the screen somehow distracted me. Not again. The chain of causes of mental habits must be penetrated and understood in order to cut them at the root. I do not like advertising, foundations, dissection - they have their own built-in egregors that feast on human attention, like little attention whores for people who have nothing to do with their mental faculties. They have an attraction for me. I do not like it when my will is overwhelmed, I do not like it when I am distracted from my concentration. But annoyance is also a form of attachment, it means that I am overwhelmed, that I am distracted. A Ukrainian and a Georgian or maybe a Chechen working in a hotel nearby were sitting in front of me, I was looking at them attentively and smiling. Is not that the whole point? To sit like an adult child and play with a sword of concentration with perseverance, is not that a significant goal? For I know that I have already gained immortality above. Floating in the Cosmic Vastness of Tartarus. Years of the construction of the solar cross. Years of the Theion Ergon, when I reached for the gods, they reached for me. I called and they answered me. Years of a noble war. While the stubborn, darkened, bitter worms kept me from a purposeful life. So much for a committed life, I think.

Even if I end up a homeless, penniless, vicious wretch, I stand above the like pigs who made me that way. Liberated from darkness and freed from a Dionisian tomb, I rise in great laughter, a joyous arrow of brilliance, and dance like a dervish with my swords, smashing and scattering the pathetic attempts of the sycophants who consider me an enemy to all corners of the hells as they go down screaming, obliterated, humiliated and devastated until they gather enough strength to strike again against someone else, somewhere else. As I write this world, some vampiric worm screams "kill you." One corner of my mouth smiles contemptuously at the depths of their stupidity, illuminated by my hard-won pride. Dragons have no natural enemies. In human form, they are attacked only by deluded creatures who wrestle more with themselves than with anything else than anything else.



# Modern Age: From an Emperor to a Monk

Shout and argue all you want on your moronic talk shows. It's not common knowledge - if you want to change history, you need both status, authority, charisma, money and power. Those who have that power rarely want change, they want to maintain a more conservative stance before they fall into an abyss.

Scribble, scribble all you want, you little scribblers, but the days when literature was the philosopher's stone for revolutions and foundations for cultural heroism are long gone. This is not the Golden Age. Talk, argue on your social networks while every move is virtual, so - empty, feel-good effects of identity politics and narcissistic shenanigans projecting your impotence, helpless rage and opinions without wisdom to the outside world count for empty insane foam. You could not even wave a flag, rally the masses, command an army to strike, smile at a child, appease the gods, rule yourself - a source of power, love a chosen girl unconditionally. I once shouted in the middle of the old city, commanding people, shouting with tears in their eyes and a powerful, masterful voice, some were afraid, others thought I was a crank, others applauded. They argued with their pointed tongues about something they were incapable of doing. An agitator in the age of complacent slavery. The human spirit is dead to those who see the Socratic tremendous deep irony.

Sometimes I feel that I could change the riverbeds of history, but long ago I have been rejected by time, like a man in the Book of Changes - waiting for his retreat. Perhaps it is better that way, for only a fool wants to be a ruler over fools even greater than himself. My advice is - devote yourself to something useful, build a house with your bare hands, little satisfaction in a ritualized virtual age. All your entertainments are ephemeral, like your short-lived fame, causing only a temporary twitch in people's minds, who then move on to something else. But the waves continue to crash.

This life lost its appeal to me with each sacrifice that forced me to choose between the hunt and the bait - all illusions, because the enemies make plans to seize, steal what is yours and distribute, to enslave what is worthy only of the blind pursuers, the greatest of my dreams - I would settle for nothing less. - Say you serve and you get it back - one devilish pig smiled, another said - 'We'll give it back if you make a deal' - a pathetic vampyric worm, how not to despise their envy, stuffed with filth.

'Take what you have stolen, little ruiner, spoiler, may you rot with my vanished possessions, I will return them to nature, as the great Epicurus said - having lost everything, I have dealt happily with the loss' - 'I had more gifts to offer than the treasures you stole' - I replied.

'Now that I have killed them and spat on the gifts of darkness, I am content with carnal death, like a monkish hermit cicada leaving its shell and perpetuating itself on kheper - a struggling gigantomachic golden scarab heart with a new life entwined by the Ophis, a mighty sunbeam, I have laid my arms and command with all that I have lost to the heavenly shrines of the gods and goddesses.

To be immortalized in the stars, you must prove your spirit worthy through all the movements of your life. It is less burdensome to leave this world behind than to leave it in disarray. Gather your wings, accelerate a lightning strike, escape as far as you can. How insignificant are the lives that are forgiven, stifled before they have begun. I spit on my life and despise it, for nothing I won a star.

## Epitaph

"Inconstant Fortune took from me,  
To pay her fee, the dearest that I had,  
But she for that hath made me wise."

- Merope in Plutarch. *Moralia*, Volume II: How to Profit by One's Enemies. On Having Many Friends. Chance. Virtue and Vice. Letter of Condolence to Apollonius. Advice About Keeping Well. Advice to Bride and Groom. The Dinner of the Seven Wise Men. Superstition. Translated by Frank Cole Babbitt. Loeb Classical Library 222.

Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press, 1928., p. 25

# Divinities and Plato's Cave.

We come here to build and to govern, some out of compassion, others out of a sense of duty, but as soon as we burn our fingers on this world, when it whips and hounds us against our gifts, we retreat in toil and regret, and there is nothing left but learned human scientia and the call from above to return. A rephrasing of Heraclitus' quote with a transcendent intent to metempsychosis:

"Out of every one hundred men, ten shouldn't even be there, eighty are just targets, nine are the real fighters, and we are lucky to have them, for they make the battle. Ah, but the one, one is a warrior, and he will bring the others back."

- Heraclitus

The fundamental characteristics of the gods and goddesses are their objectivity, truth, self-consistency, dispassionate attitude based on the original intellect and idea, a form of eudaimonia (hypostasis of joy) sustained by a non-emotional feeling that permeates the entire universe. If I had to choose one idea that unites everything and tries to bring everything back home, it is compassion, the restoration of harmony. Moving actions that merge with the subject of their idea are always objective, they are a divine current. They are connected with a substance that is common to them all, and yet each of them has a special substance that distinguishes one from the other. Carl Gustav Jung wrote in the 'Red Book' that his holy guardian angel Philemon of Egyptian-Hellenic descent taught him above all objectivity.

"She liked to find little trophies in the street, which she always brought to me joyfully; we had tears in our eyes when we first met, both exhausted, suicidal, and miserably lost. Great loves are forged in great pain. Period."

It is questionable whether a human being is capable of being objective from a human perspective, as opposed to the perception of an Agathos Daimon or a deity, for example. It may be a subjective or intersubjective approach to objectivity, but these intersubjective and subjective approaches sometimes trigger intellectual signs that approximate an objective interlocking between subjective and objective worlds.

Passion belongs to the generative realm of nature, as do suffering, great emotions, love, happiness, all excitements and privations. The hard-core Buddhists of the Lhag Thog teachings moved close to the realm of deities described by the Neoplatonists.

"I begged Magna Mater to take her home, kneeling on my knees in great reverence, gazing into the body of my beloved as into the garments of the stars, as I foretold that her soul would be killed by my ancient enemies. She used to play with crystal prisms, 'oh look how wonderful, it's like a kaleidoscope'. She is in the stars with diamonds"

'Locked in a cage of subjective suffering, his agony was objective' - a thought once formed in my mind. So for the gods, every moment of our life, every feeling, every pain, every happiness is purely objective, there are no subjective states of mind and heart. The question of intervention is another matter, because everyone receives according to his share and development. Gods rarely interfere in the affairs of people, especially this world was taken over by people when people stopped calling on the gods.

This is the basis of Theion Ergon: "Work of men, work of gods", as it is said in the Chaldean oracles of Julian the reborn Archangel Theurgist "Calling and Receiving". "I saw her face in the starry sky, it was sad and full of compassion, may all the gods swear that we will meet again. She left a small gift for me, a book in which the phrase 'Find me' was most prominent. I received it for my thirtieth birthday". Builder of the house, you shall build no more - a Buddhist stanza. With all the strings pulling us back and forth, finding yourself is truly a miracle, but it's not an easy path. It's like being in Plato's cave from above, where sometimes you do not know whether you are the prisoner or the radiant Deity. Others call us, but we do not know whether we belong to them or to the prisoners.



# Discourse on forgotten mysteries thread.

Let the haters of reason scatter to the winds, they are like malignant spirits who obscure the meaning of great doctrines and replace them with vile ignorance of blind faith. The obscurantism of the exclusive flock has always fought against the intellect of Providence with the ever renewed fervor of a blind fanatic, de facto replacing it with the words and doctrines of their zealots who confuse the logos of Providence with their own infantile projections. They coerce others and indoctrinate them into a passive spiritual slovenliness, believing in the foul, heavy air of their cathedrals that they are on their way to heaven. By kneeling before their half-dead corpses and bewitching them, attributing to them their false love for a corpse.

They also mock, ridicule, and destroy any master and mistress they discover along the way who offer a prospect of freedom, beauty, intellectual support, high integrity, and self-identity - a true hypostasis against their stubborn, morose intoxication with suffering and pain, which they masochistically refer to as 'love', a Stockholm syndrome of bellicose hatred towards the world that is pure cannibalism to 'consume in the name of love', to 'kill in the name of love'. The cacodaimons help them in this miserable work of extinguishing the fire of reason, the flame of intellect, the great creative power of the celestial, supernatural worlds, which give birth to stars that our astronomers consider to be collections of swirling densities of gas and gigantic masses, birth chambers of powerful stars. All this is also true when we study both the phenomenal shadows and the philosophical essences.

All these lords and mistresses destroyed in the name of a faux pas on the cross to which these believing imbeciles, these dangerous fools looked up as if he were their savior. The Savior of their indigestible desires, scorned by Heaven. May Christ redeem himself from his suffering - would have a Boddhisatvamoglich said to him, if he ever listened.

A theologian of them would say that it is a 'symbol', that it is an example of a sacrifice, of a mortal representing a divine interior slaughtered by His own. A stolen henosis, the point at which a man, a woman is raptured by effort, Isidiac, truly, into the greater expanses of the hieratic worlds. What kind of a hoax is this? Was not Heracles, the initiate of Eleusis, and his mysteries, the Heracleiana, protected by the gods? Was Dionisos not an initiate.

Is not Orpheus and Euridice a greater passage, a topoi of beauty? Julian Autocraton compared one after another - heroes of antiquity against the Galilean hoax of a crucified pig. And yet, yet! Christ embodied all the sewers of the lowly, the wretched or the rubble. He had to curse the world with his rottenness and contamination in order to give meaning to his worthless mysteries, which initiated no one and seduced many. Julian Autokrator wrote: "What an unwise saying is this, to forbid tasting knowledge, not to distinguish good from evil?" - he further wrote:

"To know good and evil is a natural need of men, for how can the wise and sensible decide what is good and what is evil, turning to the good by inclination and knowledge, without ignorance." Praises Helios in his hymn, Magna Mater, the Mother of the Stars.

They called me a serpent, may the serpent spiral up to the divine, in the Akkadian text the kings were serpent-tongued, lion-headed. What a compliment to be compared to these people of wisdom, greatness, justice and power! What a hoax to turn a lion into a sheep. Peace is won by righteousness, not slavery; it is won by striving to be strong-true peace, not by the meek, who would willingly turn into jackals if given the chance to be stronger than they are. Glorious sun religions had to be destroyed so that their Nazarene eaters could triumph, the world had to be turned into an ugly, disgusting, suffering diabolic so that this religion could triumph. For what is the meaning of their Galilean Essene Gnostic in a world of beauty, of greatness, of reverence, a world where harmonious life is not strangled by the hardships of life? Their diabolical deception of a crucified mortal has defiled many a greater, better man. One might ask: What is the point of this accusation in the modern world? Is it a reverse resentment of what cannot be undone, cannot be undone? What is the point of finding fault rather than creating something beautiful, noble, principled? It is a personal account of a funeral, a cathartic burning of a religion on the Devanagari grounds. It is a rebellion against what was done, against what was and what is, a wedge in Plato's cave that crossed the prisoners on their way out, with seers reaching out to those who could see themselves. Every civilization has a round of destinies, every culture has its karman that leads to one or the other. Nevertheless, it is significant to leave a warning sign - to see what fruit the reaper will reap with his scythe. A poisoned fruit is left for Veneficium, the craft of the poisoner, a good fruit is used for healing, as the Drottars (Druids) knew.

But are the mysteries of the ancients in the modern world a mere imitation, a mere repetition, a faulty reconstruction that has no right to exist? Or is there a hidden scheme of recovery, of initiations, to which men can look with all due sanctity and depth? Do the traces of the parental initiations hang by a golden thread over the globe, the Spheres, the stars? Are we really on our own, on false masters and charlatans, on instituted religions, on those few who know how to speak when they should be silent, as the masters and mistresses command? Is it really the time of silence? Abandoned we are not! I have been blessed with too many laurels, with too many signs and sigillia from Heaven to ignore this. What a brazen fool I would be if I did not share these invitations with the others! Sometimes I feel like Prometheus, cautiously making his way, fearing I might lead astray, who has stolen the fire of the gods. But it seems that the gods promote my way, if I interpret their intention and my intention correctly, that what was transmitted should not be held back! The chains, the processions of initiations are not held back, they call, we study, we practice, we act. We do the scientific work, we do the ceremonial work, we direct our senses, our intellect and our feelings to the Divine. We rebuke ourselves when we fail and stumble, we correct our ways when darkness enters us, we point our Pythagorean forks at Divine from messages, we swing and fold our follies and unrulinesses into an even greater path! As one Hindi philosopher – Kautilya (371-283 BME) mentioned: “Philosophy is the lamp of all sciences, the means of performing all the works, and the support of all the duties”.

Like the sun, which distributes its rays equally to all, it was understood to be an honest force. Thus, contracts in Rome were signed under Helios to represent honesty. It also stood for truth, which is obvious to all. Truth stands a priori, objectively, as the deep grammar of the universe, and is therefore closely related to Justice as the regulating force of this grammar, insofar as the force gives them a drive, just as the intellect (nous) gives a certain order. In the tarot cards it is the star (sun), justice, strength.

# To Dare, to Will, to Stay Silent – an analysis

If daring is the courage to break established patterns, to 'defy the world and venture oneself on the sacred path', to break the shell of the comfortably known and conditioned, automatized, and thus discover one's freedom and willpower through training and confrontation, then the will is an individualised movement of desire into a vision by 'knowing oneself', knowing one's movements and forming mastery, in accordance with the divine will (procession, metaphor of the true Will), which one discovers by peeling away the layers of deception, ignorance, discord, cacophony, confusion, by constant means of reason, intellect, intuition, and not without Swedenborgian feeling, a gigantomachy within, represented by the Mithraic axiom: "harmony of tension in opposition", "against the void of inertia". In this, duality is resolved into a 'unio oppositorum', which is situated between the 'coincidentia oppositorum', the movement is decisive, the decision liberating, while the liberation is a struggle, "be patient, struggle, work", go with the gods, the redemption (liberation) is not a pill to escape (as in the song of Killing Joke), but a strong determined attitude. In the process of liberation there is no rest for the free, the evil and slaves must continue to be evil or enslave. On the other hand, a highly contradictory (antinominal, personal, egoistic) will that tries to hurt the world and itself with its personal projection. The difference between the divine Alexander of Macedonia and Hitler is gigantic, just like the difference between the Imperial Rome and its mocking cliché - the Nazi Empire. For the daring and the will we need a foundation, a fundamental self-constitution, a maturity, that of an Olimpius, mentioned in the letters of Iamblichus. It is a vision that dynamically and continuously sets in motion the effects of one's actions and of events in the world, but with reference to the Highest of which one is capable, a system of coordinates united in a perfect synthesis. Staying Silent is the Eleusinian gift of transforming the world with the perfect silence of an idea. Bythos, the deep depth of an abyss, and Sige - the deep idea in silence are the epitome of a magician. The language of the magician and his deities is silence. To speak Gnosis Arretos is a great art, Gods understand all languages, but the former is ultimately the greatest interpretation of a man, translated into the logos of Providence. This is the reason why Eleusis initiates kept silence, words were useless and could do more harm than the silence of pure intellectual ideas. The world, I believe, is intelligible in all its realms and intellectual at its base, it is of continuous providential illumination, we must open ourselves to it and engage in the process through powerful streams of silent, glorified ideas, all else is but a reflection of it of it.

# The memory twitch

Godot, now 92 years old, sat in his wheelchair in a nursing home. The nurses occasionally looked around and exchanged a few stiff words.

- 'Why did he move?' he wondered quietly, with an unspoken thought.

Somewhere above his head, a storm of memories raged. Scenes moved backward, but they did not catch his attention. One, a cloudy, blurry one, stopped for a while. A scene, a flash. That was exactly sixty-eight years ago. She ran after him, laughing and shouting, "Stop, you stupid bastard, I love you!". He stopped, silently content with the fact that they were together, comfort to his tired mind.

Another scene. Unspoken things, tension as they parted. His finger twitched again. He smiled gently in a way he had been taught years ago, a compensation for not feeling pain. He did not, both the gesture and the pain had been dead for years. Gone. He stared at a spot on the wall that was fading more and more. Again the scenes were frozen. He, though trapped in a body, was already incarnate. If emptiness were to be defined, but a passive, humiliated emptiness, that's what it would be. In the corner of his eye he saw a shadow, a shadow soul. It whispered: 'Tis' tis', 'tis' tis'. Tic tac toe'.

He did not answer, smiled numbly, after forgetting it, he mumbled something that sounded like this in the good old days: 'I am not afraid of anything, never have been, moments like these fit into eternity'. But it was just a -'mmmm'- followed by a nod. He saw something else for a while, future events on Earth, the disasters. They did not catch his attention either, he stared as if hypnotised, without any reaction. It was more important that he had to pee. He could not call the nurse, so he wet himself. She will come later. He did not know that either, she cleaned him up anyway and changed his underwear.

Another whisper, trying to rouse his understanding: 'Once a roaring, snake-tongued lion, now fading into insensibility, you had a chance to die young.' He did not understand, just blinked, a nervous twitch. - 'The last thing you'll say after you die will be a cold gasp' - the shadow tried to intimidate him. He thought of the night and the stars, but in a cold way. - 'You are useless, you always have been, you do not even understand what I tell you anymore' - the shadow said.

The man behind his white eyes suddenly replied in a voice that was not his, 'You tore up everything I never needed. Thank you for freeing me, I am already free'. The shadow grew in powerful anger, darkening the room and whispering, 'You will not escape, you will not, you will not easy!'

The man was already dead.

## Ides' march

Tap tap tap, the water dripped into the sink, and each drop was as cold as the winter air, ripping wounds into a stone of sour understanding of his mind.

Spring came, March 20, at 10:30 p.m. Vernal Equinox, the Ides of Mars, the games of the wolves and the she-wolves. Somehow the water sank ceaselessly as he listened to it in a kind of zenistic union, half stunned, half stunned.

He had not wondered for a long time how he had gotten to this point. Because it is so. That's the answer he got to his questions as a child. He was a little blond guy, very lively and cheerful. Like a stern wreck barely adrift navigating the meanders of life, he tried to remember. He imagined his tired, stern, tense and dry face sitting next to this boy, smiling wearily. The boy did not understand, he was scared and afraid of his future self, he wanted to run away. The older man would cry if he still could, because that's what you have to feel.

He detested these hatched souls of inferior quality. Even moon souls did not match his intellect or spirit. His soul was killed long ago, it bled to death and was torn to pieces by evil machinations. Draconic brain, thank

Gods for this reinforcement! It was a gift of mercy. Even the gods had enough of his pain, so they killed his feeling out of compassion, but strengthened his mind, intelligence and resilience. Serpentine compassion, like Aesculap or the great Naga

Kings. We all become cruel, but we hold back the poison with a greater strength of will, so as not to shed tears of poison, of veneficium. The child uncomfortable, inconsolable, the father in him looked at the child for

a while with a paternal smile that would scream 'murder, destruction!' and look malicious, but it was an honest smile of a strange, darker benevolence.

He searched for her in the eyes of the other women, avoiding their faces lest he accidentally catch a glimpse of her physiognomy. She was long gone. At least she died in him. A caregiver, an archivist of his stories she wanted to listen to before her memories were erased, killed, twisted, perverted.

He decided he would never share them with anyone again. What would be the point? In the grave, carried like a burden, beyond Starborn memories of everything are restored, Mnemosyne's pass. Absolute memory, perhaps a small nod of understanding remains for the last life that should not be. I want nothing else, objective memory of all instances of the universe is the ultimate truth, as is silence, the perfect thunder of an idea. He saved himself from suicide, another time he failed to commit it. Never again! Never again! A silent, wordless voice in the air spoke: 'Keep going, on the other side your perspective will change, you will not suffer anymore.' The dropping of body and mind, a broken, damaged, crippled brain, an attacked nervous system, slander and lies that buried him deep in the grave of the profound gesture of 'not this, not that' until he began to grow resigned to it. Leonardo da Vinci once wrote: 'Those whose mind [and heart] are fixed on a star, are not hurt by lies and slander'. He was not, although he heard it every day, from people, from the other side, who spread illusions and malice. He was busy overcoming bigger problems and engaging with an expanded mind and heart despite the bite of the locusts. He lost his love, but that too had to be overcome, why bother with it? Mere nihilistic feelings that were not worthy of his efforts. 'First the gods, then the world, then men' - Pyman-der, Corpus Hermetica, from a human animal, a humane man was to commit himself to the worlds above, to call, to call, to call, that the world may receive, that the kingdoms of the earth may receive, then men, last of all, ungrateful and stubborn beings, for whose sake 'the stars do not turn' - a trace of Chaldean wisdom.

## About overcoming.

Karma is more than a mortal can bear - A Buddhist Proverb

Once upon a time there was a man who lived a dedicated life. He embraced others, was always kind, assertive, and dreamed of a better world. One day, while he was traveling abroad, someone spotted the man and, out of malice, cast a curse.

The man, unaware of this offense, noticed that over the next few days people began to treat him badly, as if he were doing them wrong. As the months and years passed, his friends turned against him, and his family swore never to see him again.

He was left penniless, a nervous breakdown ensued. He wondered, "Why is this happening to him, was not he, as far as he can remember, good and fair to others?". He heard a whisper 'my son, this will change'. Soon, looking at the people wearing his broken, old, worn clothes, he noticed that something was happening to them. The women lost their hair, their skin became dry and dead after a while, they lost their cheerfulness, the men became sick and died of terrible diseases.

Being righteous, he began to blame himself and tried to hide from people, he withdrew from society. His compassion for others was too great to allow their suffering. One day he was strolling through a park at night and was robbed and beaten up by a gang of gangsters. He stood up and with eyes filled with hatred, the bitter resolve to use his curse to destroy others found its way into his shattered heart.

'Why did this happen to him?' - he asked disconsolately - 'Why all this?' While he was thinking about revenge, he heard a vicious whisper - 'Why not' - 'it happened to me, why not, bastard'.

As he grew older he became more adept at controlling himself amidst the hatred felt by those around him, he was a master of discipline in dealing with others, and soon he rose in the ranks of the people, feeling more comfortable and strong than ever before.

They hated him, but admired his inner strength and keen intelligence. He began to make an awful lot of money, forgetting the rest and killing people for the pleasure of his curses against the cattle with which he once felt equal. His personality was thoroughly vicious and corrupt, cold in his cruelty and satisfied with his evil. The day has come when he was in a car accident, another car rammed him as he was exiting a highway.



He remembers floating in the air for a while and hearing a disembodied voice that seemed to him like glistening gold: -'Have you forgotten your childhood, how it all began? - The causes that brought you here are not the effects you ever wanted.

Then he found himself in the hospital, no one around, just the full moon staring out the window. In the corner of his eye he noticed a dark figure and heard many whispers: 'We accuse you, we accuse you, you have wronged us, death, accuse, you'. When he recovered, the determination grew in him to remember all that he was before the curse and never to break again, to overcome in spite of hell and to live a dedicated and selfless life

## The last woman in space

Times were volatile, markets shifted eastward as the Western hegemon fell apart like a leviathan without legs. The magnetic poles were also drifting, shifting and triggering magnetic storms and cosmic rays for the next couple of centuries or so until they would stabilize again. This was long overdue, as the climate changed with the vagaries of the geomagnetosphere relative to solar connectivity.

Solar domes, fusion-powered tokamak generators to stabilize the planet, a far-fetched dream of utopian city-states all fell into disuse, the prototype in France, Cadarache, failing due to lack of funding and internal unrest. Nevertheless, there was a minor breakthrough in one of the DARPA labs just before humanity was on the brink of war.

The Chinese built 1320-ton statues for the God of War. In research facilities based on a collection of digital ID -s quantum computer algorithmization and mass radionics, the collective brain was slowly being decoded, as were its cognitive-physiological mechanisms, social engineering programs along with cruel experiments on the mind with psychiatry on the banners merging with neurolinguistics and merging with biopsychology gave a new imprint to a strange, eerie reputation. The first prototype cyborg was called 'the bee' as the real representatives died out.

With the creation of the first fully functional cyborg came a commendable optimism that the dark ages were over, that humanity had once again entered a new era here. The volunteer father of the project, researcher Simon Darwin, and his assistant Helen Descartes had not only created the cyborg, deciphered man's erratic mind and created a synthetic brain, but also agreed to transfer his brilliant mind into the machine's thinking framework. He said he was the first immortal, the Nibelungen Methusaleh.

Hearing the news, one man initially flew into a rage, but when his colleague calmed him down, he said in a resigned voice, "It's like transferring a mind into a corpse, a technological necromancy, nothing else. The Buddhists explained the samskaras as compound clusters, and the goal was to dismantle them in order to refine consciousness, reflect its purity, and become free.

What they do is essentially to lock the deluded, ignorant mind into a self-created horror chamber and virtualize an already virtualized hell." - 'Why the hell?'

Aida said: - 'Surely you are not postulating that there is a reality outside this world, some metaphysical nonsense? Humanity's concentrated effort has always been aimed at freeing itself from suffering. You cited Buddhism as an example, is not that the ultimate goal, and you are a modern Luddist who is afraid to deal with technology?'

Again he replied, 'Maybe you are right, but I prefer the good old biomantic school, life has been laid out in this universe for billions of years, was not it for a purpose? Or are we really a plague of the void, to become machines that traverse the void to colonize, to beget spirit, to constantly expand? It is true, our species has its limits, it is not eternal as an organism, as an ape striving to be divine. Ancient people had more intellect than we have today.

When we are all transferred to the cybercore, what will come? A digital eternity in the cold fires of dark energy? I have to come to terms with that now. I did not know the sequencer technology the Psiops stole would lead to something like this. What's next? Now they are going to build the Hyperion arc. All right, I am done with the credits. It should be an arc for the living, not a tomb for the dead. Aida replied: Your job is done, old man, at least you were of use to the company. By the way, I have been employed since then. I will contact the agency, you can spend the rest of your days in a place surrounded by greenery. You know, a forest and a small house, just like you always dreamed of. Someone is waiting for you there.



He fell silent, his gaze vicious and cold, as life had taught him, and he whispered, 'Fuck you, fuck you.' Aida: If you do not want to sit here and spend the rest of your days as a loser, you can sign a new contract if you want, they have already promoted me to Star Lieutenant, new ranks, cool, huh?'

He stared out into the universe, trying to rest his eye on a tear he once had, and whispered, -'Fuck you all' - 'Then that's settled' - said Aida, leaving the apartment and quietly closing the door.

He sat in his armchair, pleasantly stunned, and once again did not know if it was the honest part of him or an act he made up himself. He would rather believe it was honesty. For a while he remembered the embrace of someone from another time, she was killed, replaced, swept away. - 'Where does she live now, how is she?' - he pondered 'I do not want to know' - he remembered seeing her face in the stars.

The project was widely advertised, many volunteered, only the best minds were selected for transfer, or the richest. Some had euthanasia injections given to them, which killed them after the mind transfer, it was like a fashion statement to be a cyborg. The first colonizer arc was full of mind clones in machines and while humans cheered their superior class of beings, some wanted to protest.

Some were reasonable moderates, others were religious fanatics. The former tried to reform what was left of the planet, the latter howled time dead and tried by all means to convert others to their one religion. Soon a war developed, a global bloody war, the survivors retreated to the deserts with their crosses and taught others about 'the book'. Others were wandering scavengers, few wanted to organize and soon formed paramilitary cliques, but the birth rate was almost zero because of the yellow dust and winds that developed after the re-polarization. Nuclear meltdowns everywhere after the Carrington event, failure of satellite communications. Between the

Atlantic only fiber optic cables worked, communication was maintained for a while with generators, but soon contact between continents was lost. Great wind storms brought a lot of sand from the deserts, which rarely settled anywhere, it was a whirlwind of an air dune. The sixth extinction. - 'It was our fault' - they all said in the end.

He died before all this happened. He did not know it, but the last words he spoke were, 'Wings of the ancestors Ennoia, take me back, may this hell realm of this lying corpse come, yellow planet, black planet, take me back.'

It was all in vain." Then he drank Nembutal and, after 15 minutes, set fire to his apartment while looking at the full moon in Libra, which was conjunct HD 140283, a star of magnitude 7.223. Between fires, he smiled. Some said only a man freezing to death feels a divine fire just before he is raptured into the stars - he heard this fifty years ago in a psychiatric hospital from a fellow patient. On his deathbed, this thought did not occur to him. He knew it and smiled.

After resetting and activating their synth brains, the human clone ID's woke up. There was something wrong with the cruiser, a technical glitch. The main plasma conduit had failed. The cyborgs did not panic. They bickered and blamed 'the humans'. It was probably damaged during the warp.

An old businessman remarked: - 'Mighty were the towers of the Ziggurats, they built them for the stars'. Immediately after, the shielding collapsed and pieces of the exquisitely three-dimensional, nanoprinting, industrial-sized Titanium-1 alloys began to fall off. The last one was Aida. She was smart and hooked up to the spine charger. A tough, survivalist girl on Earth, she had an unkind childhood, grew into a highly disciplined, analytical 'bitch' - as she was called in academic circles - and eventually attained the title of 'genius', 'mistress of the lab', 'alchemist of high tech'.

Before Aida was hurled from the space shuttle into the cosmic void, ready to wonder in the voids of the cosmos for as long as her charge cells lasted, she thought:

- 'Why are we alone?'

With her pseudobionic eye, she saw a flash. She gave the command, 'Scan all spectra.'

- 'That's not necessary,' her cybernetic brain listened inside.

She noticed a sliver of a face in silver and gold, magnificent, radiant, outshining her for a while. The last thought before she was torn apart was, 'It's me, I am her, finally, what did we do wrong?'

The alloy of matter that made her up was torn to pieces. Her nanotic processor was destroyed. A glorious song rang out and thundered through the universe as everything returned to a gigantic calm to be no more. The earth, after time had passed, was green again.

# A modern Du Fu gloomy

May the red dragons rejoice on the wind, carried by their human companions, may the evil of greed, disbelief and sorrow dissolve into nothingness - with wishes. With the Chinese New Year just around the corner, I feel compelled with the remnants of my dignity to write a short story about a humble, beautiful Chinese man.

Once upon a time, there was a man born somewhere in Inner Mongolia whose ancestors once fought in the Black Dagger Uprising. It was a group of dedicated warriors who protected the peasants first against the excesses of the Japanese and then against the communist government until it was dissolved. He toiled in the fields, and in search of a better life, he moved to nearby Beijing to work in a factory. With little means, he settled in a terrible multi-story apartment block where he lived in two square meters for what he could afford. He still remembered his grandmother's stories about the yellow flags and red lamps when the Republicans tried to rally around the young emperor Pu Yi.

Times were volatile, the boy was not promising, the government changed often, the emperorship was corrupt. She told him the story of a poor man who toiled in the fields and met a dakini. Her beauty was amazing, she was bathed in the light of the rainbow and wore red and green luminous cloths. She danced around him and said, "I am a wish-granting jewel and you are a humble man, what would you like?" He smiled with his rough earthy face and said, 'a good woman'. She nodded her head and disappeared like the dew of rain.

In tears, he remembered this story of his grandmother and continued to work in the factory, hoping that one day he too would see the dakini.

He saved all his money for a gift. It was a wooden box beautifully decorated with jade and gold. Inside was an obsidian ball studded with silver. He kept this gift for her. Since he was losing his eyesight, he bought a pair of glasses and was very happy and proud of them. He took good care of the glasses, but one day when he returned to his small apartment, he lay down and never woke up.

A man aged 32 who lived in Warsaw, Poland, a rather vicious personality, read Chuang Tzu with awe, pondering his thoughts and reveling in his work. Ah this, ah this.

He fell asleep at two in the morning. He had a dream in which he was presented with a dark room with some furniture. He felt an invisible presence and heard some soft Chinese words with slow thoughts. It was a ghost. The spirit directed him to a wooden box and said, 'Look, this was a gift for my wife'. The man admired it, congratulated the spirit and bowed respectfully. Then, full of joy, the spirit showed him a pair of glasses and he said: - 'Look, what beautiful glasses'.

Not wanting to offend the spirit, he admired them and thanked him sincerely. Then, in a flash, he became aware of the story of his life as he wept for the spirit. He whispered through the tears, "May the great Dakini take you, the spirit of the old man, to herself, may you join her, may she take you as her husband."

The man woke up, tired of his own cruelty, and to this day he thinks fondly of the old man's spirit and wishes that he had found happiness and peace. Such was the story of the spirit of an old man, such are the dreams of a simple man. May it be a sign and a hint to the lamp of a hermit.

# Autokrator or anarchy?

We always create ideal figures that reflect us and that we like to think about. Anarch was to Ernst Juenger, a man of great experience and wisdom who lived through both wars, as the vision of Autokrator was to me, a man who transformed his madness and his 'as if's' into a super ID figure that I wear like a mask that sometimes carries me, retreating into normal human 'games and play' like an ethical psychopath, a medium with fragmented personalities, carried by many, ruling myself and harmonizing the splinters into a generous whole - deformed here, nurtured there, strictly bound, let go.

Autokrator, self-governing. A master who commands and rules himself, without forcing, hurting, ruling, overpowering anyone to prove his command. A sole ruler of his mind and heart. A ruler of his spirit, ruling his body, mind and heart, commanding them as a servant from within and above. Just as a mendicant can be an autocrat, so can the imperial crown.

It is not about wealth or status, but about the form of the genii, mind and heart, the meaning of one's name and spirit. The moments of being a dragon, the courage to roar like a lion, to retreat like a hyena, to bitch like a raven.

Someone who, in his willpower, penetrates the minds and hearts of many people with great insight and absorbs patterns of wisdom, knowing the spirit of times, people and the laws of change. The one who knows himself and from this knowledge of himself and knowledge of causality, cause-effect, cause and effect, patterns of information, data, knowledge, decision, judgment comes to truly effective conclusions with a bigger picture in mind, a vision that is overarching, that rises above the rest, that comes not from sophistry of borrowed wisdom, but from true observations determined by experience that may or may not be based on knowledge and teachings of all times.

The foundation of a ruling autocrat is justice, the means to achieve it, the means to harmonize power, the means to distribute it, the means to consult it with the divine is a Solomonic wisdom. Or to do justice to women - the proverbial Solomon is dethroned, the Assyrian Semiramis who surpassed him emerges! Justice is subtle and springs from the inner truth and strength of wisdom, it is the feather of Ma'at on the scales of hearts. The foundation of a self-controlling autokrator is his detachment and his ability to fight gigantomachy without great loss to his genii and spirit.

He can be a cosmic swindler, a commander of madness, a master of his madness. Moreover, he is able to influence himself and the people by radiating a charismatic aura and directing the crowd, for better or worse, in a great sanity and an ethical direction, complete madness (a self-controlling mad child), or some other vision of the mind.

A man whose ferocity comes from nature, whose firmness of character comes from his spirit, whose principled backbone comes from education and reason, and whose reverence and loyalty to the divine comes from intellect and philosophy, is unshakable and will not be swayed by any crooked plan, and if he is - then only temporarily, after which he returns to himself like a blade of grass - moved only by honest wisdom and expertise, critically evaluated in the light of better judgment. Autocrats do not fight, they support each other in a Symposium of excellence, like bees working for the good of the whole. They have no enemies, in the sense of the Buddhist proverb: 'The enemy is the word of the other', as soon as they are drawn into the perspective of the so-called 'enemy', they lose their independence, they are caught in the threads of attachment to the object of their thought.

The reverence for the divine, an architectural idea, the masterful mind, the sovereign thought, the whip to shape the darkness, the shield to protect against it, the scythe to reap, the scale to distribute the harvest, the Ankh to behold life, the staff to rule, the laurel wreaths to receive and give blessings, the ear to listen to counsel, wisdom to judge, valor to act, a horse to survey land and people, the dagger to cut through ignorance and deception, and a star to give and receive agape - this is a worthy man, this is a worthy woman. In the Book of Changes it is written that the enlightened priests recognized the source of evil, while the magicians eliminated it and the officials and ministers ruled in the service of the whole.

# The evil that men do

I lit the candle in a candlestick given to me by my beloved. In memory of myself, my family, loved ones and close ones to my ancestors. I imagined a big, wide darkness and lit the candles in the underworld. For all the forgotten dead. Sigilaria. In ancient Rome, men were sacrificed to the Dis Pater, slaughtered like sheep, for I read in Macrobius' 'Saturnalia' a writing of the tradition he offered to his son. The custom was replaced in the kingdoms and later in the Roman Republic by the lighting of a candle and the making of white masks instead of sacrificio, the killing. Di Manes, the good dead, ancestors of mine and of others, without distinction of ethnicity, custom, religion, region, skin colour. Those who remained, who are in the mists of the underworld, like small schools of fish on the surface of a great abyss. First my own lineage, then that of others. This is nepotism. If we identify with those close to us and admire, love and respect them, we can spread this to the rest of our race. That is how it should be done.

I turned off the lights. A shadow demon, befriended, to my left, growing out of an open closet as if it lived inside, a twisted black face flashing white face-like deformities, a little night person I treat like an adopted son.

A beautiful white spirit touched me and put a ribbon with inscriptions over my arm. All at once, our time is slow compared to the astral world. Some shadows just stand there, caught in a long thought, and after the shouting is over, they all whisper or fall silent. Because the living do not listen, because they do not hear. I see them because I myself am dead. At least partially, because my heartbeat and biological processes are largely undisturbed, strengthened by some strange magic. The night came, I lay in my bed and listened to Offermose - Mørkt Forår feat. Of The Wand & The Moon, Grift, a feminine fiery shadow kissed me, I touched her hand, a shadow witch was carving something on my skin with her pointed long finger, or was it a nail. It is all black, covered with writings, stories, lies and information for others. I opened my eyes and saw the mask of a man contorted in grotesque pain. The dead inhabited my body.

I asked this friend, 'What made this world so evil?' - Which echoed as a naive question in my own head. Tough little bastard. I forgot my vicious pain, little tortured pleasures interrupting the heaviness and severity. A certain lightness from time to time, a focused, humane lightness that was nevertheless strong.

- 'The people did it' - she answered through me.

I remembered reading the history of Assyria and Babilonia, Elam, Chaldea, Cambridge Ancient History vol. 3. part 2. I remembered the Akkadian literature and the stories of men, demons and gods

- 'The people were bigger, but not much better' - I thought. - 'Why is that?' -

- 'You have forgotten that the possibilities of doing evil are much greater, your race has evolved a lot since then' - she replied

- 'What has corrupted the people?' - i asked

- 'They have always been like that, but their evil has contaminated other worlds.' - 'I refuse to accept that' - I said - 'If humans are capable of beauty and greatness, how come?' - i asked her

- 'Animal man, participating in nature, was a child of nature, crookedness began when he was capable of the divine, then he closed his eyes to the origin and made nature his enemy, while in time he forgot the divine' - she replied

- but there were methods to overcome suffering and evil, the Hindis and the Buddhists knew them, others too, Gigantomachy within

- 'These methods are consigned to oblivion, there is a scheme' - she whispered.

- 'What kind of scheme?' - that aroused my interest

- 'A deep scheme concerning the fire of chaos, which attacks the lower regions of the divine' - 'It has its effects,' she replied.

- 'Are monkeys evil?' - I asked like a child. "Only humans can be so bestial and idyllic"

- "That's the price of making a child of nature a god, as if capturing the divine in the animal" - she said

- "But it's not unique, it's like a whole plan was worked out to capture it, is there more?" - Inquired.

- "Desire" - "to be out of one's senses" - "to live" - "Man is not made for happiness" - she expressed.

- 'But should we then blame the gods, judge what is good or evil?' - I asked.

- 'Do not you dare, they are your friends, a toil of ages, the infinity of the past behind your race, the infinity before you' - she answered softly.



- "Some say we are made of the blood of Aw-Ila, an Igigi god, to toil like the rebels" - I said  
- "Then be free" - the last whisper before she left. - "But do not spurn this world like those who hated it" - she gathered her strength and disappeared.

## Mephistopheles prerogative: clueless Boddhisatva

"Then who are you?" "I am a part of that power which eternally wills evil and eternally works good."  
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Faust: Part One

In Mahayana Buddhism, it is the final net effect of one's actions, neither one's intentions nor one's deeds, for which one is held karmically responsible. By what action? One might ask. Through the co-dependent, co-existent world of phenomenal events themselves, which are governed by various orders of justice, natural, human jurisdiction and law, transcendent, divine, objective physical, etc.

If we define justice as a Platonic idea, it can be understood as a 'reactive, regulative factor of the harmonies of deep transcendent and objective laws'. If we define justice with a classical notion, it is a 'regulative codification of human experiences, ordering them according to social regulations, derived from situations that require moral or ethical judgments and decisions', then the strict Mahayana definition of justice would be something like the 'reactivity of karmic causation networks to the actor who participates in them'  
Power, justice, responsibility.

The more power one accumulates, the greater one's responsibility for the net effects of one's choices, even though one is already enmeshed in networks of power and causality when one enters the scene. Each burgeoning consciousness, each new birth, enters into a pre-existing web of relationships. When a leader causes deaths or condones bombings of civilians, leads to poverty and deprivation, and lives in a 'castle of delusion', responsibility for his actions traces everything back to the causative effect - the leader. The soldier who kills on the battlefield is responsible for his own karman, but his karman is linked to and traced back to the leader who ordered the killings, through 'distributive co-responsibility' with various weights of nods to the network. From Bardo Thodol's point of view, only madmen want to put their minds in a position of power these days. Or very willingly - for whatever reason. Thus Mephisto, the old devil who in the Buddhist context 'wills evil that always turns to good', is an example of an absolute inversion, where he appears as a saint by the net effects of his actions, but as an ontic entity can be outright evil. He is better than a sacrosanct devil who causes evil through the will to do good, but still better than the absolute evil of the Black Brothers, which only leads to evil through the will to do evil.

Remembering that good is a golden chain and evil is an iron chain, why not remember people like Milarepa, a black tantric magician who, according to legend, wiped out entire families with his mischief, but became a supreme Boddhisatva through his efforts to "break the shackles." Not all of us are so fortunate, but the highest good, which I instrumentally define as the Platonic Monad, is a pan-theistic view and can be derived on earth from reason, wisdom, insight, and the ability to grasp and penetrate all causality with understanding, to make ethical decisions, principled judgments on how to prevent, remedy and alleviate evil in terms of the Hindi Buddhist kleshas (suffering, destructive emotions, disturbing emotions, negative emotions, mind poisons), e.g. For example, the 'five poisons' described in the highest terms as: ignorance, attachment, aversion, false pride, envy, and all forms of delusion that prevent realization.

Ethical and moral judgments and decisions require a cosmos or order. The original cannibals of Malaysia did not care too much about the zeitgeist of this order - it was established with the changing, shifting times. So is it void and relative? The question is wrongly posed. Rather, it is a form of human psychic forms, groups, and individuals that began to congeal and consolidate around certain factors with the advent of self-reflection and methods invented to counter what was considered 'impure, taboo' (bad) and to promote what was considered 'holy, clean, permitted', 'sacred, clean, permitted' (good), with shifting frames of reference for different moral concepts, which later developed into a social order based on values. It's not all doom and gloom, because there are things that are common to all humanity, that is undeniable, unless there is a 'zombie catastrophe'. What constitutes the value of a given society is what defines it. If profit is the value, then it is superseded by principles and makes people subjects - slaves. Values can be divided into external states, which have to do with the quality of the environmental milieus, or 'what is sought in the world, what is, what should be, what is de-

sired' or internal states, which have to do with the quality of the subjective and intersubjective sphere of mind (noosphere), the emotional and spiritual states 'how we feel, how we think, what we are, what we want to be, normatively or descriptively'. Only when value is internalized as a principle directly related to human being: virtue or vice, it defines human essence, perhaps humanity or the 'lack thereof'. After all, everything is 'all too human', 'live and let live', 'beyond good and evil' one finds one's own ethos, hopefully not a perverse, sadistic or nightmarish ethos. Ernst Juenger wrote: 'A warrior may have his ethos', morality is another matter. But his ethos has a twist: May the dead be merciful to their murderers, for the dead may not have a warrior ethos, but they have a strange kind of morality all their own. Understanding karmic necromechanics enters the realm of post-mortem justice. But why wait for justice after death when it can be realized here and now to create beautiful, thinking, committed and responsible human beings who draw from the wisdom treasures of all civilizations and cultures. As one might say, 'Karma may be more than a mortal can bear,' so are the destinies.

## On the narcissistic stupidity of the darkness of ignorance.

See, for I will expose the workings of the abject stupidity of the ignorant, who in their jealousy, in order to be victorious, must reflect their own depraved inadequacies in others, in order to be victorious, must poison a greater man with their own vile filth. For wiser serpents, among whom I count myself as Solar Drakon, a fierce enemy of both darkness and Judeo-Christian abomination, including their rotten corpse nailed to the cross, know how these wretched slaves approach their goal, the intelligent one, the intelligent they offer a bigoted religion, the astute they offer filthy bribes, the strong they try to ruin their nature, the virtuous they contaminate us with vice, the knowledgeable they offer blindness and lies, the free they want them to kneel like wretched slaves.

For darkness and ignorance cannot conquer greater men, it must cripple their minds and lives to replace their minds and hearts, to poison them so that their pettiness and pathetic, worm-eaten attitude conquer us first by violent attacks from without, striking like wild pigs, and then from within, poisoning the innermost thoughts and minds of the giants who tower above them. The darkness is made up of rats who can only maintain their vermin through reflection and imitation, and it is jealous of greatness, glory and the triumph of the It is jealous of the greatness, glory, triumph of the Aionic solar providential intellect, its support and prestige, its superior position over the locusts, which are reduced to infinitesimal crippled worms by a single ray emitted by the sun, while it plunges Apophis, the wyrm, into the abyss at every attempt of attack. Their ruler, Apep, a bitter critic of the dark sun, dispatches his worm-like emissaries and on the surface of the Earth's surface, vile enforcers, petty bacteria, planktonic idiots, stooges of this deluded power ceaselessly approach our minds and hearts, poisoning them with ignorance, replacing our virtues with vices, breaking us helpless, blind, until we become worms like themselves.

Only in this does darkness triumph - it turns the great into worms, for it consists of mere worms who think they are warriors or knights.

They lie creeping at our feet, as sun dragons we scorch them with fire. Our tribe of serpents, the dragons, abhor any deception, ignorance, inadequacy, any wormy belief, for our scaly armor is made of acid fire and courage, as long as these swine do not break us in our mortal human shell into the inversion of our aspirations, our strength, our astute intelligence and commitment. Cut. Them. Down. Stomp them down. Crush them. Destroy these wretched worms whenever you encounter them. May they never get their hands on any of us, this planet or the human race. May the tribe of the Winged Serpent, the immortal Winged Kheper Hearts and the glorious Sun Disks triumph over these pathetic worms.



# A story about the spirit and the mistress

-When will my suffering be over? My mind is broken, rotten, vampiric, full of errors, paroxysms of cognitive and affective range, scandalous twitches and errors. I have to survive it. The Buddhists did not imagine a bunch of vampiric rogues experimenting on my brain, a tale of cybernetics and sadism. 'I guess another time, another age,' lamented one man that night

- 'Do you remember what state your mind was in ten years ago?' - Mistress Sosipatra, the seeress of the Greeks, spoke to him in gentle thoughts which the man mistook for his own. The silent conversation continued.

- 'Definitely different from now, it was something else' - he answered, thinking he was talking to himself.

- 'What is the most static part of your being?' - The Mistress

- 'Well, my body' - he replied

- 'you see, that is so, and not only that, that is the only moment of reality you will ever experience from a human point of view. Another magician once said (AOS), is not your mind ultimately a concatenation of causes, made up of sensations, experiences, identities, memories, inclinations, natures, conditioned and autonomous responses, choices, etc.?' - The mistress asked

- 'That's so, but it's difficult to perceive it that way, everything appears as a derealized illusion,' he replied.

- 'that is so, but you must be aware of it and seek the core of your being from a safe position where you find static parts of your mind and coordinates in what you perceive, in other words, the flashes of events called the world, you always need a point of reference, and then you shape yourself to bind certain expressions and let go of others' - said the seer - 'It is a matter of sense, direction and discipline' - she continued.

- 'But do I dissolve after death? Would not that be preferable?' - he asked

'It is not so simple. You arise in a world that already exists, and you are caught in a web of causes, along with the various souls of your being, including your mind and body. May it not distract you from liberation, but this is a distant goal, to extinguish all the karmic movements of the universe a sheer impossibility, to exhaust them in yourself is a rare quality nowadays, if you cannot yet reach the state of Pari-Nirvana, what would you do with the chain of being?' - asked the Lady

- 'To obtain it?' - asked the man

- 'If the mind is an illusion, why preserve it, it is a form of self-destruction, we might as well become cyborgs' - replied the mistress

- 'Is not it the paradigm of the modern world that there is nothing but the mind, in the naive sense, and that scientists struggle to explain this phenomenon on a neural basis?' - He asked

- 'there are components that do not fit into their paradigm, you have found another way as a pneumatic, as a souled person. 'You can not fight the paradigms of the modern world, but you can fight your own way out as long as you stay in this Dionisian tomb,' said the Lady of Chaldeana

- 'If I were to ask the gods to create a new spirit for me to continue my existence, what would it be?' - he asked

- 'Imagine your consciousness changing into a new vehicle and being born in a new disincarnated world, you receive a new movement of existence - replied the glorious mistress

- 'But if everything is an illusion, then what is the point of continuing to exist in one of the worlds, as a shadow, a ghost, a daimonion, an angel, a hero, or in one of the myriads of worlds?' - he asked.

- 'Reach the equilibrium of compassion and recall the rest until the chains of being are over and we all retire to the final rest' - he answered - 'The purpose of the great work, tris-mae-gistos, is to descend to pass the consciousness through the necessary seals and later to ascend and transform into a deity, held, angel, purified soul, with the support of the elders. The toil of the great work is to commit oneself to the cosmic expression, knowing the laws of the changes of the cosmos and adapting oneself to the divine will to participate in a greater chain of being. - Said the Great Lady

- 'How can I thus outlive my own mind, when I am incapable of performing this task' - he replied.

- they greatly underestimate themselves, as Nichiren said to Shijo Kingo in 1276: 'Never be troubled by the difficulties of life, after all, no one can avoid problems, not even saints or sages, suffer what is to be suffered, enjoy what is to be enjoyed' ( . . . ) - the mistress recalled a fragment of a text he had read some time ago.

He put his thoughts together and was amazed at what came to him. As he stared into the night sky, he thought he saw silver-gold wings with the Caduceus Staff in the centre, appearing and disappearing out of nowhere. He wondered a lot, calmed down after a while and fell asleep.

# Idea, narrative, reason, action!

Any form of discourse or narrative study should never be divorced from group and individual psychology, for that is to measure the results of a particular subject.

## I.

Take the idea of witchcraft from the European Middle Ages. While parallel civilizations, e.g. Hindi (spreading faith and magical-spiritual techniques) and Arabic (pro-science) were at their peak, most Hindi practices were branded as 'witchcraft' by the overzealous inquisitors of Europe. The term 'witch' is as broad as its usage, whether we mean a prophetess, a seeress, a priestess, a herbalist, a sorceress, a necromancer, and so on. Exactly what area of the magical arts is she proficient in, what skills does she have, what position or profession does she hold, and similar questions apply to her male counterpart, of course. In general, these concepts, words, abstractions add up to a whole framework of a network of ideas, while the Cathedrals of memory and universes of discourse are built, adapting meaning and content to the context of symbolism and belief system of the time and age.

For example, witchcraft in the Greco-Roman period was understood differently through the lens of Greco-Roman religions and cults than it was through the symbol and belief recognition apparatus of Christianity. One would have to examine in depth the phenotypes of these cathedral structures and what the visitor perceives when visiting, or the phenotypes of seeing and feeling both the structure, the 'general impressions of the esthetics of the whole' and the *modus operandi* of seeing and understanding the content in particular, with all its undercurrents. Any interpretation of an existing 'insider's' perspective is fraught with the prejudice of pareidolia [pará, "beside, alongside, rather than [of]" - in this context meaning: alternatively) and the noun eidolon (eĩdwlon "image, form, shape" - the diminutive of eĩdos)] refer to belief systems in this context, whereupon one sees relevant phenomena only through one's previously acquired belief systems, distorts the factors that are crucial to understanding the phenomena, and nihilates any content that is incompatible with the belief system.

This is a trained skill that is highly counterintuitive from the perspective of self-preservation of habitual belief systems. As with all forms of study, effort must be put into this skill. The objective skill is trained in a similar way. As a spectator, one has a more objective viewpoint than the committed actor, as long as one can also discern well and is open-minded to the ways of the latter. An objective theological scholar who is, for example, a professor of Sanskrit and a comparative mythologist, will view an uneducated believer indulgently and objectively without being involved in his ways of perception and without being entangled in his belief system or his ways of acting and perceiving.

It is likely that an uneducated believer who has a set of beliefs, such as Christianity, and no basic knowledge of Buddhism will not have an educated and far-sighted view of Buddhism, and that his way of perceiving Buddhism will be thwarted by his pareidol bias. a person who is ignorant of others will not see anything beyond his own understanding, as far as his ignorance or lack of knowledge allows.

In other words, the more educated, civilized [Hellenic], inquisitive, and open-minded a person is, the better he can understand another's perspective. There are things common to all people that are determined by empathy, but when it comes to belief systems, without any idea of the other person's belief system, one is just an object of pareidolic bias, and that is directly interpreted and written into the way of seeing and perceiving.

On the other hand, if you do not know anything about the stasis, the subjects of the other, you can not make educated judgments, so you fall back on the universe of discourse you know and read everything into it as if you were looking through lenses that let through no light but only a tiny slice of the social, religious, historical, cognitive, political spectrum of the whole matter, while being blind to everything else.

## II.

The other interesting aspect is how these belief systems, perceptual lenses, pareidolic distortions enter the upper structures of the neurocognitive circuits that biopsychology deals with. How they are conditioned is what sociology deals with, then the upper level of cognition, which is often unconscious or remains in the realm of unactivated knowledge or ignorance of ignorance, namely the architecture of meanings and beliefs, which is composed of the history of ideas, their transmission, transmission capacity, memification, stratification, diffusion, distribution, mutations, adaptation, evolution, and so on. Intellect and reason are the self-conscious geniuses that shape and carve into these ideas to reconstitute, produce, rearrange, and compose new narratives and ideas. How they work in practice is the study of mass and individual behavior, for example complex adaptive systems in complexity theories applied to the social sciences to study them quantitatively. Humans are not a 'tabula rasa' and do not function in a void on which everything can be written. We have our cognitive abilities, thinking styles, cognitive phenotypes, we are shaped by mentors, society, images, self-images, imago and logoi, etc. If we are lucky, we individuate according to the alchymic process and mature, if not, we live with acquired automatisms that preserve the illusion of free will. Therefore, every phenomenon mentioned in the first part is inseparable from the biopsychological, sociological, mythogenic part.

This process largely determines human behavior in the civilizational context. He who masters the context masters the meaning. It is both dangerous to the uneducated and a threat to the educated. Populism thrives on the domination of context; religious fundamentalism thrives on the domination of content and the faith through which it is seen; it appropriates context and content. Fortunately, the context itself is not homogeneous because of the diversity of content and meaning. Therefore, it is not susceptible to abuse by the reverse totalitarian regime or any form of populist fascist ideas - after a while, the whole construct and dynamic frees itself from the shackles, but each time at a high price of education, open-mindedness, human principles, virtues and values. Every war robs humanity of something, every rise of stupidity and human folly that is placed in a position of power damages the social fabric of minds and hearts.

It is not easy to overthrow a tyranny, but the reconstruction of a society of mature individuals is arduous after it has been ruined by stupidity and baseness of ignorance, whether by a war or a cold war between intellect and ignorance, reason and stupidity, virtue and vice, principles and spinelessness, the whole and egoism.

# Retrieved

'I see here only a tragedy' - she continued - 'not of evil, but of generation.'

- 'That is, no one will protest against nature or life' - she laughed - 'Embrace it, but the degree of otherness between perfection and generation, perfection and growth, creation and reception, suffering and nirvana is an ever-increasing tragedy' - 'Those who see it are few, those who exercise it, fewer and fewer' - she continued - 'But is it not the case that every world has perished?' - she asked in a gentle way. - the Socratic irony belongs to those who descend as prisoners in Plato's cave, they act against generation and blindness, a heroic attitude, but soon they are strangled by this world. - 'What about those who destroy them?' - 'Madmen, they will not wipe out the universe or the solar system even if all the crowns and armies of Pluto were theirs'. - So what can you do in a world of failure?' - 'Do not add evil to evil, stay in growth despite the times' - My Saturnian father interrupted me. - This is a very human reaction, but in the eyes of angels you see terror and awe, never a tear. - 'That's a demiurgic view,' I inquired curiously. 'Forget the details, every perspective is born from your life, what kind of glasses do you wear, blind man?' - 'Ah, now I see I do not have any' - 'Not in this life' - she winked at me. - 'Then what's the point of all this learning and practicing?' - I asked. they know exactly what you must do, as your mind and destiny allow, wise choices for a young old man. Builder of the house, you shall build no more - a Buddhist Lhag Thog (inner teachings) proverb. Pause for a while. Take a look at all the threads that animate your mind. What is the most static part of your mind? What is the densest part of your personality, your self? What makes you a real person, a qualia of an individual existence? Where does it all come from? According to the Samskarian view, in which senses and mind are only an aggregate of conditioned clusters that have crept into man over the ages as carriers of these energies. The only original reality that this 'man', this 'woman' can approach is the shedding of all these conditionings from the perspective, from the attitude of these conditioned clusters, to reach the original light of consciousness, the purified lenses of pure mind.

But do we then cease to exist? Is everything just a concatenation of causes and effects, illusions in motion, which we abolish and thus abolish life in its generative aspect? This would be nihilism if a fatalist, a reductionist, a materialist took this stand. Embraced by the joy of life, the illusions play in favor of life, because empty and void we are the cup of the world, the cup.

But who embraces the demiurgic hand, who frees himself from the roots and floats in the stars and beyond? Uncounted threads of all the movements of Shakti, a hypothetical energy that flows through the universe like the sacred words and seals of the Chaldeans. When does Shakti become Samskara, or when does unconditioned energy become conditioned, when Nirvana is Samsara at its root, then Shakti is Samskara. For a magician, this is of paramount importance, for by definition he attunes himself with the creative force, he revels in his children - the movements of his will. Basically, a magician is a microcosmic demiurge, a mystic is the one who receives the demiurgic and transdemiurgic transcendent call.

How to understand the exclusion from the universe, the apparent search for a transcendent reality in which there is something like nothingness, because we erase our own existence to become free and one. How can the contradictory, immaculate will be reconciled with the act of ascending and burning, of fading away in great awe? This knowledge is given only to the exhausted man, for which he strives and desires dispassionately. In the eye of the beholder, the world he sees is all that he is in the mirror of his dreams.

# Homeless woman on bus

The homeless woman was traveling on the night bus to shelter from the rain of the previous storm. Some random passengers, hangovers of the day, gave her a brief ashamed look as she boarded and turned away from her disfigured face and the smell of old clothes, feces and piss. In the back of the bus sat a man wearing a silver mask and a black hood who was not noticed by anyone. He was the only one who looked at them with an incomparable gaze. He whispered in his mind, 'Ishtar, Innana, Shamash, Belet-Ili'.

She woke up in the morning on the park bench, a little drunk and full of worry about the next day. And yet, something changed. She felt fresh, powerful and happier than usual. She touched her face and the blemishes were gone, she touched her hair and noticed strong, black, curly, long hair on her previously almost bald head. She also noticed that her old clothes were gone, and she smelled of an eerie nutmeg and sandalwood oil. - 'That was the scent of her skin!' - she was surprised and smiled proudly. She was wearing normal clothes, like everyone else. She stood up and looked at her face in a pond where water had accumulated due to yesterday's rain. Her physiognomy was of outstanding, radiant beauty with golden, white and yet a little Moorish skin with Mediterranean undertones. 'I do not believe my own eyes,' she thought. Her character and nature also straightened, she felt noble and principled with a commanding attitude, similar to the old Semiramis. She heard a voice in the air: - 'I am your guardian, beautiful one, there is a small piece of paper on the bench.' She asked 'Who are you?' but no answer came. Her eyes were drawn to a small paper on the wooden bench, she grabbed it and opened the red seal. - 'Marszałkowska 140, under the carpet there is a key.' She made her way there as if she knew this place from before, although she had preserved her memories of being a homeless, destitute person only yesterday. When she got there shortly after, she remembered waking up in the Saxon Gardens. In fact, she found the key under the carpet and opened the door. It was a beautiful little apartment with high-end furnishings, a vase of tulips, On the wall hung a reproduction of William Blake's painting, 'The Great Red Dragon and the Beast from the Sea'. On a small wooden coffee table was a letter, also sealed. Pleased to see another clue, she opened it. 'This world is already a whore, you are just another whore.' Startled by the message, she backed away a little. She heard a voice again, 'Artemis, Artemis, you are long gone, go through the door.' She went back to the door through which she had entered and opened it. She saw red fire and in the center Jesus Christ crucified with the signature above his head 'Traitor, King of the Jews, Lord of the Flies'.

He was surrounded by his followers kneeling around him with red glowing eyes while strange demonic beings repeated all the tortures that Christianity had invented for others over the centuries. Popes and inquisitors were burned at the stake, theologians and saints were quartered. Nuns and priests were tormented with sticks of fire in their throats. A dark, grim voice said, 'Do not turn Gods into demons, Artemis, your art and temples are fallen, Hecate of Fate.' She could not believe her eyes and yet laughed at the whole spectacle. Her face turned black with many faces and lit the fires with golden lights, she roared with serpent's tongue, roared like a dragon, while all these figures trembled in great fire. 'You are cruel, I see, so was it with them, baptismal curse, who will undo it?' - the dark voice asked. - 'the messenger has already been killed, will you free them from the fires? What do you think?' - the dark voice continued. - 'When dawn comes, they will be freed after the sun spits lightning on the earth and douses the land with fire, is not that what the great Plato said? That the earth undergoes destructions, by water and floods, by air and great winds, by fire and burning and by earth and earthquakes and volcanic fury.' - 'This is how Atlantis perished in the past' - said the dark voice.

The homeless woman woke up in the park and looked around. A man was looking around, walking with his wife and a daughter. The homeless woman got up and shouted in a shrieking voice: 'Where is the dragon, I am Artemis, you fools!' The man laughed at her and walked by with his family. She heard only one voice, a last breath in the wind: 'You will not see these worlds, death was a forewarning, your time is near, let them line up for the hells, watch them still, the moderns, you will decide their fate, are you mistreated, burn them, scorch them all!'



# Methusaleh

His torn, ragged clothing has served him well for years. He lived through his youth and rebelliously observed world events. On the verge of commitment and retreat, he knew he would not change fate. He never regretted that. He held a small wooden tablet with six runes on it: Algiz, Sawilo, Laguz, Thurisaz, Hagalaz, Raidho. His palm intuitively grasped it, like a snake trying to suffocate its victim. He had seen the war, the population shifts, the great floods. Now he was safe, in the taiga forests of the former Russia. Centuries passed, even the strong winds that carried the yellow desert dust settled. He remembered an encounter about five hundred years ago, when carefree humanity was still busy with its own affairs. A girl drummed camertons around his body, demons of nature, chthonic, representing his death in a vision. One saw the treetops of the taiga where his weary body should rest. She was a friend of his once great love. Naively, he believed that the gods were renewing his body for some reason, but long ago he had forgotten these conjured explanations; they were mere rationalizations. Over the years he became more and more silent, but he began to understand the language of nature and the gods better and better. The ghosts of other people remained behind, some rose into the starry mist, others were shadows of the past - they no longer troubled him, in silent contemplation. He avoided the ruins of the cities, there, in the landscape of abandoned, invited soul remains of many. There, once again, Atlantis experienced a catastrophe. That is, the planet Atlantis, Tybil. He does not want to think about all the thoughts between his birth and now, he was part animal, part god. His thoughts had merged with nature and the divine, they were no longer his own, as they were decades and decades ago.

He lay down before the stars and contemplated the treetops, a winged ethereal serpent closed his eyes. His body was torn apart by wild beasts, maggots and ants. If you know anything about his spirit, whether he rests in the great abysses of the underworlds in a sealed cosmic tomb that he once constructed, or whether he joined his dream, and you read this in the past, please think of this man and make a wish. That his most wondrous of loves, which perished centuries before his death, before it really began, might be saved across the stars as his will and testimony, that he might join it.

When the seventh bull of heaven, Methusaleh, star of Libra, the next victim, joined Kakkab Su-gub Gud-Elim to shine across the wastelands and dreams of nature and spirits from afar. The gods promised: When there are no more people, the planet will be green again.

# Immemoria

When live and let live is not enough

The post-factual age is characterised by a low attention span, a memory capacity like that of a goldfish, and a socio-political virtualization of disenfranchised movements. A dream sphere of apodictic forces destroying the remnants of forgotten freedoms, a dream zone of corporate statisticians drawing the boundaries of life. The post-factual age is the greatest achievement of social engineering in the technological age. By and large, the trends have settled in and they are advancing. In the democracy feast of inverted totalitarianism, transient appetites are satisfied, whether through controlled, permitted or accepted dissidence, whether through the provision of 'bread and butter', 'infotainment and pleasure', whether through listless apathy and affirmation of 'business as usual'.

People who are comfortable and not threatened do not question the moves of their governments. But when is it simply an appeasing mass of bad policy that leads to a terrible end, and when is it really good government for the foreseeable future with global insights and implications that are far-sighted? There is a quote from the Upanishads 'every enterprise is known by its effects' Almost no one questions the current circus of the world per history with the associated trends, almost no one questions, explores the place of ideas, their meaning and historical potential. At least they live by them. When the ideas die, they are replaced by surrogates that flood minds and hearts with untruths. The time of grand narratives and grand social logos is over. Narratives are procured, advised, regulated, controlled, disseminated, measured, and optimised. Most already accepted this world without resorting to the contradiction they never felt or had the need to feel, think, conceive, internalize and act.

I contend that the end of the world, at least for humans, is complete with the final replacement of the citizen, the human, with the statistical bio-mechanism fully identified with a political cyborg. A political cyborg is simply a subservient individual whose meta-programs have been replaced at every level, constructed by the forces of tide, zeitgeist, government, and set in motion from birth to death of its functional, utilitarian purpose. As an avid reader of history and one who likes to live the ideas as Ding-an-Sich in Husserl's language, or as Hegelian essence, or as Platonic true force, these ideas can only be killed by eliminating the cognitive-emotional factors and replacing them continuously, by developing into a web of sophisticated falsehoods that contradict the original ideas and drive a wedge between Swedenborgian feeling, the intellect of philosophy, and the biomachinery, ultimately short-circuiting the process of self-knowledge, the gnoseology of man. There are controversial concepts, but the ideas are pure. Ultimately, the biomachine, the biocomputer, is cut off from the essential component of re-defined ideas. Their components are holistic and cannot be subjected to an analytical philosophy, their modalities are multiple and cannot be captured with just one aspect.

Do you remember the time when personalities of the past warned us about the future? It has all happened, both their warnings and the figures are forgotten, or we study them in a sullen atmosphere that does not allow us to see through the world spectacle as it has unfolded. The Cassandras of modern times are the past prophets of the future. All movements of the current political spectrum are mischievously marching towards the end of humanity. This does not mean global catastrophe, this does not mean the end of the human race. It means the posthuman political cyborg, one incapable of self-awareness, one incapable of critical self-examination, and therefore one that extinguishes its consciousness in movements that are meaningful only to the shell. One who is not able to generate zeitgeist through a logos that he has created. He is, in fact, a shell without spirit. A shell without machine.

# Beware thou dark schemes!

Last night I found a green piece of cloth decorated with Rowan twigs and fruit. For several days now, my misogyny at finding a curse of unknown origin has been driving me to bestial imaginings of how I harm the women around me. Once I was a lover of women.

I was aware of some vicious shades, the angry dead or the eidola of murderers, but I was still not strong enough to defeat the overwhelming thoughts that slowly invaded me and discharged as my own. A few days ago, I had the terrible intention of incubating a woman. I remember my grandmother was an 'Amazon', she was dying of cancer. Her breast was cut off to slow down the incurable disease. She was a witch of strong Germanic Slavic descent, just like my mother, I was the last to close the line. No female descendants.

I was incited by some spirits to take this cloth hanging on the wire. The first thought that came to my mind was that it was from a woman's grave. The garment was really old, the fabric torn, ripped and left a smell of creepy graveyard soil. She appeared in the shadows, as a female silhouette. I kissed her and she put a ring on my finger. An engagement to the dead, I had been married to many, this was nothing new. Sometimes I cursed her for her arrogance and threatened that I would exchange her with the Yellow King of the Chinese Hells. Somehow they did not listen to me. I once had a dream where I was walking on spider legs with my torso, head and hands being human. Arachne took my shadow. Little spiders with doll heads were walking around. I was buried in yellow dusty mist, after a while

I jumped into another reality, that of the dead, where I comforted a young man at the train station. Back to 'reality'. I closed my eyes and saw the cover of 'Tubular Bells', an album by Mike Oldfield from the 1970s. I played the song on a loop on youtube.

I thought 'wait a minute' - what was happening in Wawer, Warsaw, Poland at that time? I did some research. On March 16, 1981, a woman was murdered by a necrophiliac who killed women, cut off their breasts and genitals and sewed them to a mannequin for sexual gratification. She was his 'sex doll'. The woman's name was Hanna S. He was executed in Poznań on July 28, 1986. Six days after I was born. The young child was watching the work in the prosecutions since he was 11 years old, as it says in the story. I sensed that something was wrong. -they perverted his mind from the beginning, those cruel devils. I remember that I had a good upbringing as a child, but 'they' tried to pervert me in many different ways.

On the other hand, women were also murdered in the cruelest ways. He was after me, my grandfather once mentioned that 'a murderer haunted him all his life', something also stuck with him. I came back to my senses from my terrible misogyny and wondered how this could have happened? Was I supposed to be a cruel murderess like the vampires wanted me to be? The shadow female rested beside me in my bed, as I pondered I smelled her skin and the memory of her sweat when she was alive. It was beautiful, like lavender and morning air.

As a silent comfort, I kissed her shadow again and smiled into her blank face. I photographed the green cloth together with my Galdrabok Bindrunes. The child defiled, a monster grown, how could these young beautiful women suffer such a cruel fate? Evil should be stopped at the seed and eradicated before it grows into a dehumanized, de-individualized cruelty! I write this out of a sense of duty, to convey what the dead wanted to hear from me.

# Angry Youth and Virtue

I met a young man shouting something in the street: -'Traitors, traitors to all mankind, who have sold their souls, hearts and minds to shit forever'. People walked past him anxiously, mocking or talking in between, women giggling and pointing at the madman. Still, I decided to approach him, stop for a while and ask him about his croaking.

- 'Why do you call people traitors?', I asked. - 'This is not what I lived for, this is not the world I fought for, this is not what I was about' - he shouted and roared. - 'What do you want from the people?' I asked him again. - 'I do not want anything from the people, I have only raised my song high, and with regret I see that no one follows me, I have striven for beauty of the highest nobility, I have met with the ancients, but I found myself alien to this world and far from it. This world is ugly and has torn my heart. Now I see that I am shouting at it because I hate it' - he replied. I thought deeply about his words and did not blame him, but only said:

- 'I can sympathize with you, but do not think that you are raising your song too high so that others can not follow, and now you have only alienated the others from your goals, there is no reproach to you, because you have pursued a just and great task'

I continued, "Would you like me to talk to you about the virtues you have followed so that you do not feel betrayed by this world, but are committed to upholding the values you hold dear?" - I asked him in a friendly tone.

- 'It is already too late, I have only gloating for the rest, how long can you fight among the blind without resorting to hatred, how many punishments can you receive once for living your mind, nature and soul to the utmost and being punished by the insignificant things of life, like a swarm of locusts belittling and mocking these things?' - he replied.

- 'This is the Confucian virtue of Yi, you are neither a liar nor a cheat, your honesty is well-intentioned, your malice a raging anger that puts you on a par with the sun gods, Shamash and Aya would bless you, for even the greatest misery is touched by their rays, even the greatest noble people cannot be dishonest in their light, so it is that power that is honest and distributes its rejuvenating light to all creatures, great and small. Sincere about things, it is enough to straighten the roots so that you do not grow firmly on false paths. For there are many people who are sincere about their beliefs, but they may remain unquestioning and inconsistent, and therefore are of no use to the common good.

Do you think that the virtue of Ren, the virtue of benevolence, charity and humanity has died in you, that it has become a kind of twisted branch due to alienation, which has been cut off and is no longer strengthened and revived by the common bond? - I asked.

- You speak of virtues I know, but I know people too well, they are insolent, arrogant, ungrateful, and prefer to chase their whims when they are well and full rather than care about the big picture" - he replied.

- That is typical of little people, that their attention is riveted by what they can hold as a plaything in their minds, that their dreams seldom extend beyond their own affairs. I suppose you are not like the inferiors you pretend to hate, but you prefer to walk on higher ground and inspire that matter that can be shaped, or promote the goal and toil of it all, despite their stupidity, lack of consistency or foresight, rather than push them deeper into the abyss you so want to see. 'Zhi is a virtue of right knowledge based on observation and guidance that goes beyond the ordinary and is not simply a cloak put over that knows and yet does not know, that does not know and yet reverses all its wiser effects' - I replied.

- 'But how can I maintain this view, as if I were standing on the watchtower, looking at the sky and looking down on all humanity, with the virtue of Xin, faithful to the creative forces of the divine movements and the integral within, while everything is changing and even my mind is taken by the greater movements of these evils you speak of?'

- Fight the corruption with great blocks and erase petty motives and hatreds before they grow into you. After all, you have seen how easily they pervert your aspirations, and after being reminded of your goals and ideas, they lose any meaning they had previously acquired, they lose their blood, and if you dare to ignore them or even cynically mock them, you mock yourself. For this you must establish a Li, an inner tradition derived from the cultural characteristics of the ancients that surpasses those of the present, but without neglecting modernity. May your inner coordinates guide you based on insightful studies, may your practice be permeated by the movements of the deities and the invisible worlds that gift you with a smile." - 'A smile after all this?' - he asked bitterly.

- 'To have authority over people, do not become bitter, that will only shift your goals, and if you do not want the authority anymore, how will you use your Pythagorean lyre to influence someone else? If it is out of tune, it will annoy you, but if you find comfort in solitude, remember to take the greatest pains to preserve your humor and courtesy, remain open and friendly, overcome your inner turmoil with wise and fatherly dealings with people, they will often be ungrateful, but they come and go of course' - I replied, "be merciful and bear with them thoroughly and steadfastly, as a true pagan should."

- 'They would soon take advantage of me and try to slander me or, much worse, betray me,' he said.

- 'Bear it with dignity' - I simulated a shout - 'I'll discipline you, young man' - I roared.

Fortunately, he understood and laughed.

- 'Now I understand to remain steadfast inwardly and outwardly, strong inwardly and meek outwardly, and yet to have a strong will.'

- 'This is the Roman virtue of gravity, you carry on committedly, do not be distracted by the whims of spineless or unyielding people, I see that in your honesty you are already fulfilling a lavishly frugal style, including the speech you just gave to the crowd.' - I mentioned

He looked around and observed the people

- 'Oh yes, that was unnecessary' - he glanced at a passing family and smiled.

'You see, humanity can be quite humane at times, the way you see yourself now, where is the torn, angry image I noticed before I met you' - I smiled at him.

- 'Nowhere to be found' - he laughed.

- 'A wise remark, but remember not to take yourself too seriously and not to be too proud or conceited with your works, if you take something from nature or the gods it will be returned to nature and the gods when the time comes, fame is a dangerous thing, anonymity is recognized by Providence, stay strong and do not waver in your works, do not give in to forgetfulness and be true to yourself, know yourself, there your true self keeps its dominion, all falsehood is unbearable in the eyes of the sun, mortals like to deceive each other a lot, but they never hide anything from the powerful eyes, not even the playful greatness of the ancients

The young man turned around and enjoyed the light rustling of the wind. Meanwhile, I disappeared into my saturnine realm.

He turned around and was amazed that I was no longer there: 'Where are you?' - he whispered with a tear in his eye.

- 'I am watching over you' - my voice echoed through the sky in a silent idea that only he could hear. He smiled and walked away comforted.

## A Warm Place: A simplified report

"My book was closed, I read no more, Watching the fire dance On the floor. I have left my book, I have left my room, For I heard you singing Through the gloom."  
- Chamber Music, James Joyce.

Circling. I circle in a zero-sum game in which I played the losing side. I had been stranded in the city for four years. The distant past, when I had travelled the world, sounded only like a memory I could no longer do anything with. -do you remember every day of 2015, or can you summarise the most important points of a few months? Could you do the same for 2010, 2005, 2000, 1995, 1990 and on until you were 3 years old? I thought, 'This is when the first memories begin to solidify, unless someone has prenatal memories, references to other lives, other stars - these are treacherous things'. In a state of mania and despair, I tried to escape from the city that humiliated me, that harmed me, whose bricks and houses I hated, whose magical communities I despised, along with ordinary people who were as anonymous to me as yesterday's day. At night, my living corpse was pierced by invisible shadow crawlers.

Buddhist meditation on a decaying corpse. Maranasati. In my bathroom, the walls were full of the spiritual remains of the dead, which I could see better in the twilight. I packed my things, never to return. I gave my entire precious book collection, a whole library of Rara Avis books, to the antiquarian bookstore without even asking for money.



In a state of mania, with my mind shattered and assaulted, I wanted to escape as quickly as possible. My bus departed and made its way to the northern Carpathians. The original plan was to catch the eastbound bus transit in Slovakia, but I changed my route. The problem was that I had no money, I was completely burned out and broken, deranged and torn. When I reached the city in southeastern Poland, I remembered another young woman I had once loved, but I did not want to see her.

Who goes amid the green wood With springtide all adorning her? Who goes amid the merry green wood To  
make it merrier?  
-Chamber Music, James Joyce.

I boarded the regional train to the border with Ukraine and arrived there after midnight. The stars vaulted me into a cosmic cave where I explored the slow initiations like the ancient Mithridates. As I walked along the railroad tracks, I came upon a ruined house. The roof had burned to the ground, but the late summer weather was so beautiful that I lay there to rest. The shadows of the dead gathered, and I heard a whisper: -'You are not welcome here, go somewhere else'-.

I gathered myself, even chased away by the dead, and continued along the meadow path. The fog had fallen by now. I found a small hut near a lake, judging by the sounds. The door was closed. I lay down on the floor of the porch and tried to sleep. I had nightmares in which I dreamed of hospitals, blood, and sadists. I woke up an hour later. The nightmares were still there. Not dreams, but real nightmares. Beings that feast on people's fears.

I heard a call nearby. I went to see what was in the forest. There was a sharpened wooden stake, pounded on the ground. I took it out and played a pikeman, half delirious, half aware that something was about to emerge from the darkness.

An old friend joined me, I felt two belts of light around my chest, focused on my solar plexus. Meging-joerð. I judged that there was no danger and turned my back on the forest, reproaching myself for never turning my back on a potential danger. I collapsed into the hut, exhausted, and caught sight of a damp, wet mattress. I lay down, covered myself with my travelling trench coat, and heard a demoness scream through the air, "That?! That, you bastards! To my son!!!" I smiled to myself, adopted by a demonic mother.

Sleep now, O sleep now, O you unquiet heart! A voice crying "Sleep now" Is heard in my heart.  
- Chamber's Music, James Joyce

I slept well that day and woke up with the rising sun. For the first time in a long time. The next day some villagers reported me, fortunately not because of the burglary, but because I had been hanging around. My documents were all in order. The border officials let me go. I felt demotivated and tired, the whole trip was sabotaged. -'I have travelled all over the world' - I thought - 'and now a fucking short trip in this shitty country can finish me off'. I took a car and hitchhiked to the next village. I needed money, so I went from shop to shop trying to sell my camera. In the last shop the man was convinced it was suitable for his daughter and bought it for a third of the price. As I drove back to Warsaw, I remembered the witch from the Ukrainian border. I thought: 'Jagerfrau', mistress of the hunt. When I arrived in Warsaw late at night, I said: 'I want revenge, order a hit'. I heard gunshots in the air, violent outbursts from some Warsaw pigs, and the scream of a vampiric bitch: 'You betrayed your family'. Originally, I was to be committed to a mental hospital for screaming in pain and talking in word salad, like Victorian insane asylums. Fortunately, thank the gods, I survived. My bed, a roof over my head, something to eat. What a warm place. I travelled with the conviction that I would be homeless for some time, and broke the inhibition. In the end, I was content and grateful, especially in winter, for a warm place to be.

Despite the Writ that stores the skull; despite the Table and the Pen;[1] Maugre the Fate that plays us down,  
her board the world, her pieces men?  
- THE KASÎDAH of HÂJÎ ABDÛ EL-YEZDÎ by Sir Richard Burton [1880]

# A madman danced at the train station

I was changing my night bus near the main station. My habit was to smoke a cigarette, far from the main hub for homeless people begging for cigarettes. On rare occasions, I chatted with some people. I went to the second floor, which was full of people waiting for the morning train, some homeless and other outcasts. I sat down and opened my tablet to read the time. Suddenly, a man in his sixties stood up, from a low posture with white headphones up. He started dancing and happily listened to his music. He did not seem to notice anyone nearby. People stared at him in amusement and disbelief. I sensed a story and bent my head toward him from behind. -'What drives good, decent people to do such things?' -'The happiness of madness conquers the unhappiness of pain.'

Oh yes, I remembered Camilla. That flirtatious young woman. I visited her years later in the psychiatric hospital, we met years ago in the psychiatric hospital. We had a few fleeting romances in between. When she talked about whales and the great cosmos she sees through the Earth's atmosphere, she giggled like a little girl. I pulled back, trying not to provoke her already sensitive, delicate mind.

I had conquered my madness, or so I thought. It sublimated itself into a psychopathic, ethical art. When her smile froze and she began to sob. -'Are you that happy?' - I asked, and she seemed to regain her grip on reality. -'Only when I forget' - she replied and her face contorted in agony that turned into fits of laughter, she pointed her finger at me and said: -'You tried to bring drugs! Drugs are forbidden here!!' - she began to scream. I looked around and smiled: -'Drugs to heaven.' I have never taken drugs in my whole life.

She laughed again, I escorted her to the closed section and we parted. I went down to sit in a café where I saw the same man with white headphones dancing for three homeless people. They seemed amused that a well-dressed man was happily cracking up. I bowed to him again so he could seeme and walked by. My bus was about to leave. I ignored the shadows of the dead and the Caduceus Wings flying by and devoted myself to my reading as the nightscape of the city passed me by.

# A reparation in a torrent of rage

You filthy creatures of nonsense! An address of beauty and reverence that which I have composed in the spirit of mine. In great discipline and strength I have coined from my life! The nobility of old nourished me, and I kept all in my heart, For these treasures and torches to burn the fugitive world with a new flame This attempt was foiled, my throat turned scarlet From blood and poison spewed on you, From the disease of vermin I cannot bear, That spills on superior men, and, having brought him down To a shabby, petty life, admires the effects Of their own ruin. For truly no one has triumphed while our failure and downfall is all around his own, just as we have constantly proved with the majority of all breaths that we will not submit, that we are above, that our lion's head is dragon-like, that we recognize the great and the small, and hate the petty, the envious, the wormy, the meek, who would easily turn into jackals if they had more power or gold. I cannot gather my senses long enough to comprehend this mischief, worthy only of swine, for the malignant evil makes use of subtlety, the simpletons destroy en masse, yet I dare not say that even evil shrank from lofty methods and submitted to this foolish world, yawning and directing these imbeciles to destroy something greater than themselves for lack of intelligence, to sow discord in a more opulent manner! Not from vanity I stand here, but from helplessness and a hateful resentment that my gifts are spurned, turned from gold back into excrement and monetized for small fame of a few minutes, weeks. Go to the graves with your fame! You will not help this world to convey how I, victorious in overcoming my madness, arrived here,

To see that I fought and toiled and struggled for worthless worms! That all the incantations, the labor, the great deeds of theurgy in the name of earth, of men, and of the gods, were a rot, turned not by the devils, but by the putrid corpse of a leviathan of humanity, about to collapse for want of support, and yet with his head raised. The scourge did not believe in miracles, and when they saw them, they hid in cowardly fear as long as their worthless lives are not much moved.

At least I do not have the right to be reborn as Ophiskaphalos, as a winged god, reborn in a mighty body of Aethyrs in the starry sky of Mother Neith, after having discarded this cursed monkey flesh!

For in the meantime I invoke malignity and greatness with ever new passion, I have become a broken company, a corroded good, a contaminated evil. When a great being falls, he seldom falls into the grave without a view of the future, leaving behind a resounding warning that stands like a curse over the land for all to endure.

You have changed a lot, children of the earth. Can it be that the course has been set and fate has begun to favor humanity? But these Morias, who once brought curses of unalterable magnitude, are now indeed much too weak to undo their intrigues, and they are crushed under the movements of destiny, which has determined a cold transition.

That cold transition has been colored by all the deeds of men, fate, and the gods, and that there is no salvation unless one adheres to the timeless course. And so I end this flawed speech here, for inspired to write from my mind and heart, my mind ordered these clumsy sentences.

I have spoken according to whim, not wisdom, but I know my convoluted charm dance, tomorrow I will be more focused and detached, deciding in strict benevolence what to do with this bunch for whom I have only contempt.

The winners remain on earth as slaves, the losers leave it without regret.

## Godot's Home

Godot sat in a wheelchair and the nurse was trying to chat him up: -'Did you know that this and that party won in politics?' - 'Ah' - He replied - 'That is interesting' - he nodded. -'And that a young prince in Japan passed away?' - she inquired - 'That is sad' - he replied. - 'And that atrocity, a new shooting at a school full of youth' - she requested his attention, half-bored, chatting him up, pretending she cares and committed by forced conviction. - 'That is dreadful' - he said understandingly.

There would be nothing special about the situation if not the deep resignation of Godot, who through mature eyes experienced, and could see more than the young nurse could ever dream to see, be, understand and grasp. It was not a cold sight of apprehension of a lecturer or a professor, it was not a trifle nod of lovers, it was not a kotow to a boss in one of those Japanese corporations, it was not a veneration to Gods that ancient priests gave, it was not a blunt, annoyed understanding that parents give sometimes to children. It was not a deep-eyed exchange of souls that some people experience. It was something different, not the fear or cognizance of approaching death, not the recollection of life or some past memory. He was a non-returner, a compassionate detached observer. It was compassion that found fruition in his detachment and every action and gesture and reply was speaking universes, although the nurse did not notice. He was delineating every ten thousand things in every movement and abandoning them as if looking from above, it was a delightful complete Isiac tear and knowledge surpassing time that rare people at his gentlemanly age sometimes experience.

Yes, those who lived beautiful lives and completed them in a final crescendo of subtle dances that resolved in this melancholic tranquility of a fruitful Saturnine age. He once attempted to stop her. A shard of a shadow to kiss, a spirit to adore, a banquet of illusions to conjure. Thinking certain thoughts on the bus. The black brotherhoods visited him with her shadow-soul, her pain torrented into him in a flash as he scratched his face with fingernails, until the blood was flowing all over. It was his rotten face and her shadow-self conjoined in pain.

Little Euridice. 'Is she free?' - they set her free, her shadow dissolved in the enlightened activities of the pure mind. -'Ah, that is good' - he learned the first step of resignation. 'And her spirit, will we meet?' - he asked. 'She has returned to the Divine, since you have released her, you cannot look for her there' - said a voice. - 'I am glad I did,' he replied resignedly. 'And her body, mind and soul?' - he asked - 'Leave her, maybe she will become a wise old mother, as you once wished, do not worry her' - he heard somewhere in a thought of a song he heard. -'Ah, that's a good resolution, let her go' - he said lonely lingering. 'Do you remember your wish?' - she asked. 'Which, there were some . . . ' - Godot answered. 'That she will understand everything before she goes. She did, she was glad' - he heard 'The face in the stars? The sad forgiveness and an embracing deity...' - he remembered 'That's how it is'. Years later, Godot closed his eyes. It was a late evening. He looked at the moon and thought: -'This is sad'.

# Mnemosyne is Aletheia

I sat on the bus No. 146, among the sweat of working people. This is a line in Warsaw, Poland, connecting the National Stadium metro station with the area where I live. Trying to gather my thoughts and listening to 'Flesh and Bone' by Black Math, I closed my eyes. The visions took me to the fields of African American slaves singing in unison as shadows of their past. How did a free man react to the injustice that fate had done to him? How did an African slave react to the injustice of already being a slave? - among the thought forms, these were the most haunting. The tears of a free man differ from those of a bound one, the latter having the taste of iron around their neck. I checked my thoughts: - "Fuomo, are you there?". But there was only silence. The merciful dead put a garland of flowers around my neck as I re-entered my starry temple. Everything was in bloom, the vines climbing, the roses growing persistently, the marble walls, the mighty colonnades through which I could see the universe. In the centre stood a fountain in neoclassical style. Leanan sídhe, Morrighu, was next to me, as a silver female figure full of grace and beauty, I was just a ghost, bluish-azurine light, feeling only satisfaction. We gazed together at the stars while she supported my shoulder with her hand.

- "This, my friend, is your completeness, your Euidaimonia," she whispered.

- "We are here only for a while, it is an illusion that will soon crumble" - she said tenderly and delicately. I thought for a while and looked around again, everything seemed as it was, perfect and complete. All suffering was frozen here, all unhappiness faded, and while the memories were engraved in the pillars of the temple, I heard a question in her breath: - "Do you want to remember your earthly life?"

- she asked, and I answered: "It is a burden that I would like to forget, but may the entire memory of everything that is a sister of truth return to me, then we will become one" - I spoke slowly, weighing my words and putting them together with great care.

I fell on one knee in adoration of Mater Magna, the temple was washed away by the stellar winds, my souls broke, united with her and united all my past, present and future in a cry of ascent and rest.

- "Truth, after all, does not tolerate illusion, it is immortal as the memory of itself, for it is the Numinous Luminous Fire, the Silence, the Depth, the Abyss and an Idea. Beautiful ideas, whether of intellect or of feeling, echoing in great symphonies of truth, my friends, never die, they are the soul of the universe, embodied in the constellations, whoever has understood this is already a hero among the starry vaults, his heart akin to the immortals in the sincerity of the last dance" - Morrighu bowed to the empty scene and disappeared himself.

I opened my eyes, it was my bus stop, the rain was slowly coming out of the Autumn storm clouds. While strolling through the streets, watching the shadows of the deceased and the spirits of the nearby forest, I reached the bartender's flat where I lived.

## Potiomkin at GSI: A Short note

Potiomkin worked late into the night at the Genetic State Institute trying to modify Fgf8, encoding the diffusible morphogen FGF8, which encodes the Isthmocerebellar region, and the GCY-18 and GCY-23 magnetic receptors in birds; The lab lights were bright and sterile. His assistant rushed into the lab and nervously said:

- 'Professor, there is something important... ' -

- 'Not now' - said Potiomkin, looking hopefully out of his shining eyes

- 'Please, it is of the utmost importance' - said the assistant - 'Your wife, Mr. Professor, has been murdered'

Potiomkin took it all in with stiff understanding and hid the rising pain. It overwhelmed him, he dropped his pen, but kept his insolent face.

- 'I, I understand' - . . . - 'You can go now, please' - he said.

The assistant left the laboratory while Potiomkin began to cry. At first he let the pain seep slowly through his moist eyes, then he exploded, throwing everything off his desk onto the floor and wandering around the lab like an epileptic. He stiffened. His eyes locked on the injection of chemicals from a previous experiment that altered the brains of small lizards and mice he was experimenting on. He injected it slowly into his muscle, only to have no more idea of the tragedy. In the days he was collecting, his therapist said he was sublimating his grief and that he would be there for him throughout the process. He will eventually recover.

That's what was said. He felt it.

Something strange was happening to the inside of his skull, he could magnetically feel the inner structure of his brain changing. He could feel his guts, his intestines, his heart, his lungs, just everything. Some things were changed as if from the outside, by some strange means.

Something ancient, serpentine, draconic.

Last night he dreamed of dragons in the sky, some of them beautiful, magnificent in the brilliance of the stars. Others evil, hating, hurt, harmed. Some shouted 'the beauty, the awe', others 'our children, our children are dying, they are. . . ' He noticed a slight intuition in his head: 'We are not evil, people should not know us, approach us, your change will follow, it's up to you what happens.'

The being introduced himself as a 'follower of Ea, the god of wisdom, creator of life'. He saw fish people in the mist, ancient grotesque biological amphibians, who presented him with starfish as gifts and told him, "These are our children, do you like them?'. Not knowing how to respond, he smiled numbly. Horror was all around him. When he opened his eyes, he had visions of primeval oceans, Neptunian creatures, just like in mythology. Oannes, Babilon, Sumer.

When he woke up, he remembered that he had once read H.P. Lovecraft. He could not believe it. There was a . . key in it.

When he attended his wife's funeral he felt nothing, in fact he felt that the people around him were dehumanized zombies, at first he blamed them for his wife's death, but his mind and logic told him otherwise; He hired a detective, the police in St. Petersburg were useless. All the papers of the investigation were open, they managed to identify the person. Potiomkin icily decided to solve the situation himself. He prepared 50 ml of Nembutal and neurotoxins from the laboratory and carefully packed the syringe. He managed to track down the young man, who came drunk from a pub nearby and sang with another. The other went away. Potiomkin followed him; at the next turn, he put on black gloves and waited until the perpetrator's intoxication reached its climax. Slowly he approached him from behind, grabbed him by the head, turned him and quickly injected the needle into his aorta. Then he quickly walked away. The drunk mumbled something and tried to follow Potiomkin, stumbling in the process. That was the end of him.

Potiomkin felt only reason, his child. However, there was one thought his teacher had taught him. Ethos, yes. Compassion. He recognized that. The murder was irrational. Consequence of reason. An imperative that resonated in his mind.



# Cold gaze

The mighty city of Iamblichus the Great, Chalcis-Qinnasrin. Bombarded by artillery, gunfire, ammunition moving through the hells. A lonely house, somewhere in the suburbs, and the shadow of a mother figure. 'Let it end' - she stared into the abyss of her child's dead eye as the bombs fell. A vast, silent, gigantic scream that rips cosmic mountains. An Eve who witnesses the death of Adam and then that of her firstborn. Across the silent space of nothingness, a scream that shatters the whole earth and race. Microcosms of tragedies, like broken hearts in the freezing rain. They repeat as archetypes and signs, one after the other.

I crawled down the tree of Eden, I whose children were also killed. And I looked into her eyes with a yellowish spark.

'Your world has ended' - I gave her a comforting smile. Half cruel, half divine.

- 'Why did she die?' - she asked, shaking her head hopelessly

- 'It's those who dream, who make dreams and those who kill the dreams of others' - I answered, staring at her with a shining blue eye.

- 'Why can not you feel, why can not you sympathize, why are you so cold?' - She was more afraid than of losing her child.

- 'Her world has ended, mine has ended many times, there are those who wish the world to end and those who have witnessed it all again,' I replied.

- 'Are you the cause, the revenge, something I do not want to know?' she asked.

- 'I am the time that does not pass, I watch the hell of the world, the divinity and the awe, your tear is your child, that is what you should know' - I said. 'Is there no mercy for one of us, an angel from above?' - she cried with an agonized body.

- 'This is what I want your child to know, go now, the memories of pain pass quickly, the damaged hearts and souls remain to cleanse and overcome' - I said.

- 'Then may I know who you are' - she trembled and was afraid.

- 'I am the angel of death who killed your daughter out of pity and bring her back home, the child shall not experience anything more.'

## A Wise Woman and Her Angel

Philemon, once known as Carl Gustav Jung, an Egyptian-Hellenic archangel, stood proudly over the city, calling to everyone. One who saw him thought he was the Chosen One Philemon shook his head Another who saw him thought he was a hallucination Philemon shook his head Another who saw him told him he was psychotic Philemon shook his head helplessly. A certain woman saw him and wisely asked herself in her mind: - "Why do not others see you?"

Philemon inspired her with an idea: "The blindness of men is great, even when they see they fall into an even greater one." - "Will you stay with me?" she asked

- "I will be your breath and your inspiration, be strong and free, do not surrender to forgetfulness".

A film recommendation: The Sky over Berlin (Wings of Desire) A Film by Wim Wenders from the year 1987.

# How to Become a God? (Not yet, mortal darling)

How does one become a god? (Not yet, my mortal darling) I stood in front of the house and this is how my words went: Heroization, apoteization, people of science and magic, of great theologies and theurgy, of supreme perfection and unshakable unity of name, will and character, I salute you. Although my mind is bent in various ways, I aspire to the way of the wise. In ancient China, the way of the wise was that of great concentration and contemplation, to be a man or woman of the way, to unite earth and heaven within oneself, Wu, Chinese female cultivated mages of great refinement and Xi, male cultivated mages of great refinement were a great council until degeneration. The way of the hero was the second way - that of action, a cosmic trickster, the great clod who inspired and impressed, a cultural hero, a civilizational hero - who was a true champion if what he or she did was remarkable in the eyes of the great. Chaldea, the great solar cross on the lips, Babylon, Assyria, Persian Zoroastrianism, Egypt in its splendor, shining the mysteries of Hieros Hosios Hieros Huperion. The pursuit of such a degree is a peculiarity without equal. May the great Boddhisatvas show the way!

But listen to me! The gods have their council and they perpetuate their subjects. This is the meaning of the sacred path, the refinement of the souls, the daimonions, the genii into the ranks of the Divine... Away with the religion of the liars who worship a corpse whose stench is unbearable to my nose. Who have poisoned the world with a corpse and have brought the worst from

And have combined the worst of Jewish recklessness and Roman degenerate practices into a monster of a religion. Yessir! Men are not evil, religion is evil, it is the fruit this religion has given to the world, enslaving human minds and souls to oblivion by an evil pact, the effects of its wretched crucified worm sending its devils to torment the Hellenes of the Way, destroying their cherished mysteries, ruining science, greater theologies than their beggars could have known.

For I am a mortal, in Theion Ergon I have won my dragon wings, my steel wings, my armor of the divine, as promised in the Chaldean oracles, for

I am a mortal, and no one who walks in this land is anything else, until the day of his personal apocalypse, the revelation worthy of an epopteion, by the sum of all his attitudes and his greatness, all his thoughts, battles and wars, which he does not fight in vain, in the gigantomachy of his mind and soul, representing his name, his will and his geniuses! Those without ethos, without character, how will you claim a memory worthy of a hero, how will you equate this memory with the truth when they unite in leaving this land? They are ways in humanity that are in accordance with the goal of the divine harmonies and octaves!

Doubly despised are slaves who are enslaved by Heaven! Yes, truly, slaves are mocked and not pitied, what a mocking event, how they ruin greater men and women in hypocrisy, when this lying flock gathers to destroy them! How their slave masters point out this vermin to greatness to abolish it because it is a thorn in their side!

Heaven spits on slaves, it does not need fools, for what good is a slave without freedom to heaven? The divine messengers are free in their advice. If the gods bring fire into the soul of a man, only a fool would refuse it.

I spit on the jealous god-man of the Hebrews and Christians, I crush his head with joy, I crush his followers and poke out his blind eyes! The only thing their god-man can do is to call me a "meshuggah" and to go mad in his jealous hatred, while the great wings of ISIS are over me and bless me, while the stars I kiss liberate me, while the ancient muses bless and inspire me, while the masters and mistresses of all cultures and civilizations support me against these cacodaemoniacs of Apophis, fools and ignoramuses of a lying religion. Yes, do not call me Antichrist, this vermin is no comparison to my just pride, for I have survived a thousand times more than this wretched worm, and no one dares to oppose me, for I am under the protection of the dragons, my great gods of Sumer! And yet I stand victorious, overcoming all torments with laughter and striking down my enemies as if they were groveling at my feet. I have the twin serpent Caduces in my power and a mercurial child with a mortal spirit, a dragon

Red, I rage at my enemies and intensify my deadly venom in silence.

Only cold-blooded beasts have venom, serpent beings, only hot-blooded beasts know how to roar, so Lion Serpent Sun, equal to my kin above, a mortal though! The pigs below tried to use me for fucks, dollars and power, for religion, ideology and the nonsense of their ape relatives. The pigs wanted to buy godhood and immortality. They tried to trade my gods for their pig stomachs.

The swine could not understand that they were projecting their messes on me, for I detest all their lazy attempts. I received the ankh, the dragon's wings, and my name is written in my star, a refined subject of theirs, a little god who bathed in Tartarus bathed, who did not even falter under Gamaliel the Vampire, who is devoted to the Way of the Star, the glorious Ra-Hyperion and the transcendent Fire of all Aions, worship the Igigi Gods and Goddesses who have hereby delivered me from mortal toil. I worship them, I worship them, I worship them, and the time I have left on earth I will use to refine and perfect the ankh vessel, to be happier and more perfect, to be ennobled and full of ethos, to be undefeated and divinely proud, to strike down any enemy, who ever dares to stand against me, to dance with flashing swords and make my past enemies a royal sport, royal hunting grounds, so that I may shoot my arrows swiftly like Zarathustra and celebrate on the stars and rejoice with the one who was taken from me in life!

Enter the holy ground, taste from the tree of knowledge of good and evil, decide with the mind what is better, and go into divinity without regret, supported by all the greatness that humanity has gathered throughout the ages! Be honest, steadfast and strong, be fearless, just and noble, be moderate, wise and know yourself, know yourself, know yourself until you merge with that greater power which will uplift you!

## (H)oratio, speak

In ancient Greece and Rome, every citizen had to be able to present himself before a large audience, so the art of speech was highly valued. Quintillian mentioned that "bene discendi scientia" means to make such speeches that improve people to a great extent. Thus, the art of speaking well was a prerequisite for maintaining social cohesion, growth, participation, and engagement.

From the perspective of meta-rhetoric, modern people are children who can neither memorize nor speak, neither invent, arrange, nor perform. Their speech is a childish babble, a movement of aggrieved ego, arbitrariness, and whimsy that rarely focuses on what, how, and why they want to say what they do.

Whenever they are asked what they think, they hide in humility and admit they do not know. When they are proud and humbled, they invent an immediate answer that is nonsensical just to say something, anything.

That is why they are so easily seduced by propaganda, the seduction of people who talk... talk... talk... talking more nonsense than anyone else could invent. People who know what they know, who know what they have to say, are confident enough in their knowledge and convictions, in their logical thinking and in the coherence of what they want to say, to see through this nonsense of infantile politicians who parrot words without effect. Unsuccessful? They may move masses of passive recipients. But politicians are rarely linguists, semioticians, semanticists; they merely use and misuse words, for most of the time they are not even aware of the abstracts they introduce into a social discourse, a network of symbols. They are also like children.

How often do they go beyond their immediate interest or attend to a trivial spectacle? Only rarely do they discipline the power of the word to achieve a true goal. Most of the time it is mere conversationalism, if we take the stasis of the majority of human speech in modern times, it is mere sounds uttered like little children - 'I want this, I want that, give me this, give me that, away with this, away with that, I like this, I do not like that'.

The rhetor, the orator stands there like a statue, trying to tune their mind and soul to something noble, higher, greater, but he is silent, abandoned, watching children play at the foot of his monument, is it a 'game of hide and seek' or is it a 'Blind Cow,' he asks in a breaking voice. The children do not answer, they are playing politics, they are playing social games, each one of them extremely serious in their games, but none of them knows the sound of the spheres that Pythagoras once heard. - 'What do you want?' - asked a passerby. 'To re-enchant the world, to make it beautiful again,' replied the stone.

# The metaphysics of Anarch

As a child of the living ideas that are called 'interpretable', 'fluid' or 'contestable', I swear that they are not. They are completely objective and are merely transformed into intelligence by the human animal world. When we dwell above the Platonic cave, we know what the ideas of freedom are, of divine pride, of the glorious sight that overlooks the lands from above, of divine power and insight, of omniscient knowledge, of perfect memory and cognition, of great bliss and understanding, of perfect tranquility and simple, unhindered creativity, of great effort and heroic attitude, of the ease of enduring all this - like our second flesh. From the desire to draw all this in virtues that were once the blood of - for example - the Roman Republic, and to write them in our minds, hearts and souls. To live by them, to feel them, to practice them as something true, transcendent and unhindered. Now, observing the power games of illegitimate chiefs in all areas of human endeavor that contradict all this, one can choose between taking up ideas in

Henotic ideals, the superhuman deity, the breath of Osirian life and Horusian justice, the power of Atum and the souls of the gods and goddesses, as was nothing new to the winged ancients in epiphany and epitomy, or submission to the rule of these illegitimate warlords and profiteers. All revolutions and holy wars begin within - this is where we are the sole rulers and commanders over ourselves, this is where we pose the greatest threat to those who fear to see free-thinking, autonomous, resilient individuals in their castles of delusion, separation, derealization and dehumanization. This is where the transformation, the transmutation, the alchemy of anarchic metaphysics begins. It is a fact that we are the sole rulers, cooperating with others, judging and evaluating their value, ability, merit and wisdom, which is factually proven.

Therefore, we must constantly examine, be vigilant, open-minded, without tolerance for the ruling class that acts against the ideas deeply rooted in humanity, such as that of justice. Justice, which can be found even in atoms, has been replaced nowadays by a threatened, sick, disarmed, scaleless bitch with its eyes open, chasing after everything that shines. That everything else that masquerades as the antithesis of this human freedom is just a mask of lies and a slave-like business. That requires autonomy of being, maturity of self, responsibility in freedom. If the modern world does not provide such examples, we must strive to develop them in ourselves. When we have done that, we see the contrasts, we contrast the modern world with the references from the golden ages of the past, across all cultures and civilizations, like Goethe who wrote: 'He who does not know at least 3000 years of human history is a slave of the present'. So we live in the modern age according to ancient standards, as fools - or as heroes, villains and gods - decide for yourself. But it is the decline of the appreciation of intellect, ideas, memory and virtues as the most important human treasures, along with skill, knowledge, art and science, which are the lifeblood of any civilized culture. When things go downhill, all this is turned around and considered false or hidden from people's eyes. The simple things, the surrogates, pale before those who have not the slightest idea of what they have lost until now.

# Unfortunate house

It was a small American house with a garage. A 20-year-old boy and his father lived there. The mother had died tragically years ago. The boy sat in the garage where he had his chamber, playing computer games and exchanging ideas in various forums, alienated and estranged from his father, whom he hated. His father was in his sixties, you could say he was an old-timer, a noble man who loved his son as he loved his wife, who had died years ago. Car accident. I visited him from time to time in dreams. At first I watched the boy playing a game. When his father came in to ask him how he felt, he got up and left the room, silent and with distaste in his eyes. The father looked at my big shadow and thought I was an angel, we exchanged some thoughts. Neither in waking life nor in dreams was I aware that I had visited my friend. He began to cry and said, "Why is all this happening, if she were alive it would be different," I thought imposingly, so he could hear an idea that he interpreted himself, something like: -"She's well taken care of, and your son . . ." - He answered aloud: - "I do not know what to do with him, I have tried everything" - I felt his heart breaking, all that caring pain. Again I thought in my darkened mind: - "You are a man with a golden heart, times are not easy, they all fall into extremes, do not give up" - I thought. -"I worry about what will become of him when I die," he said. -"You will take care of him on the other side, you will see the diseases and corruptions that have blinded him, I am as helpless as you are against the viciousness of this modern world" - I gathered a darker thought and planted it in his mind, along with some joy, righteousness, as he felt a cathartic pain, so this emotional equation dissolved. -"Farewell, I must go now, be strong" - I transferred some of my own sadness to the old man's head, reluctantly. I woke up late in the evening in Eastern Europe wondering how often my vampiric shadow self travelled the world. It is now 1:28.

I just wished that his son would change and they would reconcile. After all, they both had no one else in this life. My own dead heart felt an ache, a novelty, for many months.

## Game of Saturn

There is a justice deeply embedded in the grammar of the world. But it is not human justice that governs the stars. From a shamanic perspective, a cannibal in a trance in his rage for hallucinogenic entheogens could travel through the Axis mundi as well as Scipio Africanus' son, as described in *Somnium Scipionis*, on his supernatural star journey when he was raptured beyond the solar system to see the glorious universal spaces. The difference is that the former was uncivilized, while the latter lived according to a certain uniform logos given by his socio-historical environment. The most amusing in this regard are those systems that, through self-censorship in taboo belief systems, miserably try to censor others while believing they are on the way to heaven, ending up in their own hell where their minds are trapped, while the most vile murderer on earth who understands the method, the causality with the necessary technical and mental effort and equipment, can be on the way to liberation, rarely but surely.

The murderer, just like a Mithraic soldier or a Hindi warrior, can simply escape the gravity of his deeds and the judgment of the dead. This notion is appalling to certain self-absorbed religious zealots, for they would thereby lose all the foundations, especially their self-created, organizing logos of their incantation. The question is whether we sacrifice society within to regain freedom, to reintegrate ourselves into society in our autonomy, or whether we follow the traditional logos in the role of receiver, transmitter, catalyst, responder, conservative, reformer, or the one who builds new foundations, like Confucius, who found himself 'cursed by heaven' to set the hearts of such.

Here, as a completely free man, a completely free woman, one must make a personal decision as to which way to go - this is an act of gigantic bravery, groundbreaking in self-government, discipline and thought. Whether he or she derives their reason from civilizational logos and finds a community with the others, thus basing themselves on a certain idea of friendship and humanity as a foundation, as a tribe, an ethnicity, a culture, a civilization, and thus imposing an order on their inner milieu in one way or another. But that is entirely their choice, for better or for worse.

Not that the opposite is to be condemned, but it may be unwise and unintelligent. In my personal observations, I sometimes have the impression that certain scum wanted to dominate humanity and therefore imposed on it a self-censoring slave logo, understanding perfectly this joke played on this race. This is the game



of Saturn: the game of the strict order for the purpose of preservation. A demiurgic prison, a theatrical play or an invitation to freedom?

It would be unwise to assume and disregard all the socio-cultural, formative and formative aspects. However, it seems quite tempting to superimpose this on the normal sociological processes. Whatever governed these actors sprang from fear, perhaps benevolence, only later becoming Machiavellian.

Who blames a frightened Homo sapiens sapiens who barely understood the magical power at his disposal and in his confusion almost believed it could be some kind of deity, a separate "I" free and in command? Without a frame of reference, we perish; terror lurks behind the facade of order. Therefore, order - even if it is deadly - must be preserved, because only here is individuation and freedom possible. In chaos one survives, but is never free, for how can one define one's freedoms outside of the Logos who created him, her? It is an anarchic attitude, pro-cosmic and yet entirely anarchic within the cosmos. But who gave the right to those who abused it? Who sent the devils to the earthly heaven, who allowed religious impostors to take the place of the winged excellent masters of the pagan times? But if we consider the whole causal, interdependent, jointly emerging historical picture, the

Zeitgeist and its shadow, the Zeitgeist and its ideological maps - who is there to judge? Petty matters of people who can not see beyond the big picture: Essentially, it's about controlling values, abstracts, resources, and methods of structuring them: values, i.e., what values define the social construct; abstracts, i.e., what ideas merge with values and give them new expression; and resources: political, social, natural, zoospheric, noospheric, technological; and finally, methods: Surveillance or non-surveillance? Democracy or inverted totalitarianism? open society and freedoms or secrecy? and information management? population control or population deregulation? etc.

I find metaphysics useful here, anarchic at its core, but just like occultism, it is a luxury good: not many are comfortable enough to pursue it.

Religiosity is historical and a method of control, as are its institutions: But if liberal, elitist doctrines are mired in metaphysics and occultism, what is a religious person to do? Should I lecture a homeless man on perfection? Or promise a corrupt businessman or politician that I will sell him heaven? Freedom is a double-edged sword. I like to think of it as a natural process: nature embraces everything, but is not choosy. Common sense prohibits me from feeling better than a Hindi prostitute in a pregnancy farm, but one can at least work to improve certain conditions to give the substance more of a chance, good old 'equality of opportunity' to develop. When the majority of the world is abused, it pulls everyone down, nature becomes ruthless, so does heaven!

I believe even that one can end in the hell if one disregards certain order structures. If you bypass them, even if you are a villain, you can become a hero among the gods, if you fail to bypass and secure the idea of friendship with greater powers, you can be punished - by the regulators of an order.

It is better to be a friend of the gods than a subject of a master-slave relationship with old bastards with ruler complexes. The Wizards of Oz will be toppled from the towers sooner or later, and friendship with the gods will last forever.

If you are afraid of the relativity of things - I say there are objective laws, brutal, honest, inhuman, make yourself comfortable, smart, intelligent and cordial if you want. After all, happiness was the greatest good that the philosophers aspired to, along with beauty, truth and wisdom.

# Eschatonic Attrition

Rarely do we find critical evaluation of normative journalistic judgments about what should be done or how it violates reason or human principles and standards, if we have any in common - given the relativity of things like morality, principles, standards, ethos, and belief systems. We urgently need a combination of different disciplines from daily or sociology of the day," narratives, study of discourse, complex adaptive systems, philosophy, and acting on it. At its core is the journey of narratives and ideas through people's minds and hearts. Of importance are: the cognitive phenotypes or the cognitive group phenotypes, the way information is distributed and received in the chaosphere, the deep sociology that sheds light on historical trends and narratives, the deep-rooted symbols of the unconscious or the egregors of the zeitgeist, and the overall topology of ideas that move societies, groups, and individuals in their diversity and sameness of thought and cognition toward individual and group action.

The Hearts, Souls, and Minds. Assessing modern societies using complexity theories such as the complex adaptive systems applied to the social sciences provides sufficient data to model the statistical behavior of a given collective, group, or subgroup of people interacting in a given setting.

In the modern world, we encounter lots of confusion. Information, disinformation, misinformation or outright strategic deception by conscious actors or unconscious mechanisms (mass self-deception, individual encoding of information). Here we come up against the sociology of knowledge, to know "what we know and how we structure that knowledge," how we disseminate our knowledge, and how we maintain our knowledge. Then the sociology of ignorance (agnotology), what we do not know, how we structure our ignorance, and how we prevent our knowledge from acquiring what we want or need to know. In the sociology of ignorance, there is a term called 'activated knowledge'. This is usually what we know, but we refuse to act on.

Or it is a hidden potential of social action that is not tapped. Something that everyone knows about but refuses to organize and act upon, or does not integrate well enough to use as a stimulus for personal action. In fact, all action begins with a reasonable, disciplined, and organized transgression of one's convenience. Disorganized or void actions, that is, actions that do not produce change, do not count. They are without any meaning.

All power is based on this simple fact. This knowledge, the so-called 'agreement' that was once abolished with the term social or social contract - was never really signed. The status quo has always been based on this kind of social contract, known but somehow hidden deep in the recesses of public attention and consciousness, only to emerge when crises occur. Or when a deviation from the existing is recognized.

As long as the knowledge of the deviation or crises is not activated but maintained, the society of contracts can be abused indefinitely until individuals realize that their rights or principles are actually being abused. 'First they came for others, we did nothing, then they came for our distant ones, we did nothing, then they came for our friends, we did nothing, then they came for us, but it was too late.' There is a beautiful quote from the Book of Changes:

"As soon as an untruth or lie comes to light, it no longer has the people concerned under its domination or control". Perhaps that is another meaning of this activated knowledge, that as soon as something obvious but deformed and manipulated comes to light as an untruth, the person is called to action, it is an activation by the not-knowing. The not-knowing should motivate to action, to research and - unlike in theology - to humility before the not-knowing. When such an impulse arises to connect and act with knowledge against movements, groups, powers that threaten his/her laws, rights, norms, principles, freedoms, etc., for which he/she has lived. In addition, there should be a carefully planned framework ready to replace the existing centers of power, otherwise there is no alternative.

In the intelligence world, there are several techniques for evaluating information, one of which is the Bayesian technique for combining evidence. To illustrate a situation succinctly, precisely, and perhaps strategically. It is a formal method for using incoming data to modify previously estimated probabilities. Thus, it can be used to know the error limits of estimates and predictions. Any information can be used to combine with previous historical data and subjective estimates of the probability of an event.

In this way, it is possible to determine whether its occurrence has now become more likely or less likely and by how much. Bayesian analysis can be used to calculate the probability that observed data are due to specific causes. An advantage of Bayesian analysis is that it can link the subject to probability judgments about

historical frequencies of recent events. Now, if one transposes the data, behavioral strands, mass behavior of people, and behavior of groups, it is possible to hypostatize them and identify the larger trends among people or masses.

Even in the age of biotechnical information dumping, which some call the chaosphere called. When information overload - theoretically - diversifies human mental faculties to the point that there is too much confusion to act in a consistent, organized manner, there is a tendency to radicalize beliefs and opinions and a sense of separateness and togetherness (us and them, in and out-group) the combination of different tendencies of human behavior that remain the same but are much more flattened, defused and derailed.

It is relatively easy to predict that people will be weakened or dumbed down by incoming information, but they still ask for it in more or less the same way as if they did not. This kind of "hollow" idea gave rise to social engineering in the 1950s, and the insights gained during that time through social experiments and games led to a very unpleasant system of control that is never really resisted, is ineffective but chaotic, gives space to controlled dissidence, and tries to punish honest dissidence (power threatening).

Using Bayesian analysis, we can observe the drive toward a totalitarian system introduced in various sectors of society, fragmenting societies, empowering easily governed radicals, submitting to empty values - these are the modern doctrines of power. Based on a conclusion by Hans Jonas that in times of growing populations and resource scarcity and abuse, and institutional inefficiency and increasing information overload, mass confusion, it will be necessary to impose a system - and he means a totalitarian regime.

I may not agree with his conclusions at all, but he was a technocrat who was well integrated into this onslaught and decided that philosophers took up arms against such 'necessity'. He inscribed himself in this thread or understanding that on an 'integrated earth' with masses to govern and elites to rule is a 'common destiny of humanity'.

Ultimately, he censors man to procreation, to integration into this elitist system, and to being 'allowed' to live by counting life credits. Today, infotainment stuffs minds and hearts toward acceptance of such an order of things in the atmosphere of secrecy, or the ability to discredit any information that might challenge such a system in the minds of 'worker' ants."

In essence, it is assumed that it is not given to any man to realize his potential for living and being beyond what is prescribed for this type of organic hive system. If he does, he is merely incentivized or destroyed as a dissident, otherwise he is allowed to 'live' in the controlled environment in which he is rendered incapable.

By and large, this has no effect on the entire structure, whether political, social, religious, etc. Basically, it devalues anyone who thinks and sees, degrading them to a mere slave, a safeguard of organic society championed by the elites, which in effect destroys and weakens the ability to define oneself as a human being at all. This is something that has never happened in the history of mankind. Until now.

In the age of mind control - carried out on masses, not individuals - it is all the easier to achieve this kind of realization. Now if we look at it from the perspective of an organic human society evolving further into this state - it will be a wet dream of totalitarian scoundrels who would like the subordinates to be obedient and themselves to be valued as disposers. It is like denying oneself the chance to escape this threshold of power and events and live a full life.

In the ability to understand such basic things as freedom, love, grace, truth, harmony, beauty, happiness - all this is nowadays replaced by some surrogates that degrade the whole definition of thinking man - homo sapiens sapiens. In Zen Buddhism there is a saying that from a thousand monks may come one master. But if there are no monks, no masters will appear.

Similarly, out of a thousand people, ten may be great leaders because of their merit, principles, values, charisma, and service to the whole; others may be outstanding craftsmen and scientists, religious leaders, mystics, and so on.

Increasingly, when there are no people to draw from, all societies begin to collapse because they degenerate and are reduced to a common denominator, usually the lowest possible thread that a person wants to connect with. The key factor around which a person can define himself is simply missing. Surrogates are offered, but these surrogates will never replace the real thing. Or the ideas that thrive only in autonomy, in self-constitution, in the possibility to decide with the help of one's own reason, judgment, ethos, values, intellect and feelings. When a totalitarian system arises, we have the illusion of being autonomous (as in the reverse totalitarianism that Sheldon Wolin describes), it is historically likely that the conditions for freedom or liberty

of feeling, belief, intellect will not return or will be severely challenged. In the past it was different. After the collapse of a civilization, it was usually possible to regenerate through the influx of new ideas, peoples, resources, and migrations, or such a civilization could not regenerate and disappeared.

Given the current globalized perspectives that are directed against reason, intellect or feeling of ideas that cannot be framed or replaced by surrogates offered to us every day in the supermarket of ideas and narratives that easily dull our senses and distract us. We might assume that if this status quo continues and evolves, we might as well become what Junger wrote about - a fraud on nature - zombies.

## Question of perspective

A moth caught a man's eye "The world is a moth, an infinite moth!" - he exclaimed in the certainty of his genius. Another saw an angel "I am chosen, my faith is universal, no one is more right than I am!" Another saw a shadow creature "This world is evil, there is no providence, only hell, riddled with suffering!"

A moth flying around the man whispered to his surprise, "A star is infinitely greater, see the masquerade, Human beliefs and perspectives, are a game of magnitudes, Between them masks of different forces, playing one after another in an instructive tirade. One mortal bombastically pours over the jar, the other puts in a drop, The vessel they take for all there is, but when it breaks - they cry. The angel you saw was a tiny sprite who wanted to say: "Elves Kingdoms are the most powerful of all," would you believe her? Without wishing to offend you Obaron's worlds, use your wits! The shadow that beset you was an instance of death. Understand the demons that haunt you and you will be at peace with yourself, It is a small planet in the solar system in one of the Galactic Wings, Galaxies many billions, but if you think you are infinite, poor human, so am I. An infinite moth sharing the substance of life, death, continuity of universal sure prediction. As a moth, I am at peace with who I am, humans often have gigantic or belittling claims, a Brahmin believes he can Divinity of infinite space, power and time, a small mind plays to the Christian minds, understand what you want - then you will understand what you see, if you become an educated observer, Perhaps some tricks of the trade will be known to you.

## Exposition

What I feared most - has come to pass. That even the shards of memories fail and fade with time and become shells of history, unfelt, unlived, unborn. I am surrounded by souvenirs of the greatest love of my life, the love born of mutual pain and madness, the love that was meant to endure, unaffected by vicious intrigue and petty, stingy envy. Now, as I move through the remains she left behind, even her providential gift seems unconvincing: "Find me, find me...".

That was for the other side, after we pass away, to find her spirit in the stars.

I let go of their wings to stop waiting for me. I cannot say that I thrive in the void, I spend my time in wisdom, watching the movements of the caducous rods in the night sky, the phantoms of the departed, the magnificent figures in golden robes that disappear into glory as quickly as they appear. Yet I greet them, withdrawn, like a general who has lost a battle, a consul who has lost a war and in resignation wants to honor his soldiers. One day I will join them, not to seek happiness, but to find peace. Not to claim dreams and hopes I left behind, but to find comfort. A quiet place to stay. And even if, even if I spewed bile of hatred in saturnine melancholy, our kind either sacrifices these things to the past, or they turn into curses that bite back. Those who have not lived deeply treat any such spectacle with a light hand - an insignificant sight that arouses them to anger.

Formerly, when I have not lived, I used to make fun of such occurrences as a simpleton, but where one encounters the magnanimous terror of the empty abyss, one must deepen one's life tremendously and live for the substance of living ideas, a senior who has become childish, a senex who is a puer. Old people know this perfectly well, they realize too late that there is no point, and behave childishly after realizing that this spectacle is not worth the seriousness attached to it.

In the intricate web of events, aspects of the theatron animatronique I stand with terror and nightmares



that are my mothers and a curious look in the eyes, a child watching cruelly as an animal is slaughtered, rebellious, beats the other child for stealing his shovel. What distinguishes us from the children is the mature reason, the sense of gravity and responsibility, what distinguishes us from the senexes is the idea that the whole world is full of gravity and responsibility, that we who pass on the waves of death have indeed a cry, a say, a history to write. They already know that they have not, even if they have lived in glory, it is time to pass on these ephemeral crowns to others. A modern celebrity is not the eternal Virgil, immortalized as one of the stars in the Milky Way, that's for sure. Without metaphysics, and I am a fool - for as an empiricist, Providence had to provide me with the second sight so that I could act, research and think to defend myself against an onslaught of anomalies - I would have to commit suicide, but the other side, with a certain bravery of living in darkness, ensures that it is not a cosmic void, but a cosmic

Intellect and a world soul. Many did not have this comfort, many were good men and women and perished out of pure despair.

## Lovers at the funeral pyre: a memoir

He had already imagined it. He had fled the city and found employment as a stable boy in the stables of his family's friends. He was still managed by a Mr. Rey, descendant of a 15th century poet, his aunt lived nearby in Tęczynek, she had died at the age of 110. Mr. Rey's wife told him stories of how the local forester hid partisans during the war, hiding ammunition and rifles under an empty sofa. The Nazi officers sat on that very sofa during the "visits" without noticing anything. When they left, the partisans came and took the weapons. Forestry was a smuggling post during the Second World War. He collected horse manure and stacked it on a large pole, managed the horses' stalls, fed them and took them to pasture. He was paid little, but had the opportunity to ride again in the evening. Mr. Rey gave him a cavalry horse to try out, one that taught the rider how to ride, a masterful horse. In the evenings he wrote his little books, stories, tales from a past he was running away from. He did not like the riders and horse owners much, he was always distant, aloof and proud. For a stable boy, of course. He was not liked either, except for Mr. Rey and his wonderful wife. When he was a child, he played with their daughter. Once he walked thirteen miles to visit the nearby Tęczynek Castle. Formerly owned by the Reys, it was now public property.

He heard legends about the black knight, saying that whoever sees him must soon die. The village of Bolęcín was deep in the forests of the Jura Krakowska-Częstochowska, and he was visited at night by shadow witches who watched him deeply and silently, tall slender figures. The night nightmares haunted him. One night when he went out, at about 1 of the clock he saw the black knight, a young shadow boy with his horse. He waved to him and the boy disappeared. Mars was conjunct Saturn on that warm summer day in 2016. As he looked through the window, two tall vampire figures appeared, a noble man and a noble lady, the latter kissing her husband on the hand and bowing to him in deep respect. He was desperate and tired, exhausted and devastated by all these years, and asked Saturn for death on his birthday. The night Saturn's assassins and demons appeared, his body was thrown into convulsions, his nerves were attacked, his body was shifted several times, almost as if he was displaced by his own black soul. He stood still. He was grateful that they had not killed him, perhaps he should still be alive. When his love broke, he went into the barn and tied his nose to hang himself, but at that very moment she called. A phone call. She was visiting him with her cat, Nirvana, and oh joy of those days! The most beautiful days ever! They talked and talked, when her cat ran away she cried, they looked everywhere for her, he even asked a Sidhe Aire, whom he had befriended in Ireland in the dim and distant past, to ask for help. The cat was safe at home and hiding while they walked the whole area within two kilometers to find their feline friend. You can not imagine the screams of delight when the trickster cat was found safe and sound and taunted them!

He was exhausted and schemed and plotted, he should go into the woods and dig a grave for himself, she should kill him with a crowbar after she cut his throat. But she said, as he vividly remembers, "If I kill you and bury your pain, I will stop loving you." There were times when they planned to drink horse tranquilizers after preparing a pyre filled with gasoline.



She was to drink first, he was to drink fifteen minutes later and light the pyre while they both fell asleep. Those were the beautiful days. Now they are over. Sometimes he regrets that he has become a wreck, an impotent monk and an unhappy man who hates the world, and she a man of pain who splits his personality in agony through drugs and alcohol. He wished they could cure themselves. He wished he was strong enough while looking at her old pictures when she was young, proud, wise, and the craziest, most beautiful of witches. She does not remember him so well, the other side, the dead, the envious, the scourge entered her and him long ago. Great love awakens great hatred and jealousy, that asks for tragedies, that asks for longings and horrors of understanding that fall silent behind the most regular days.